

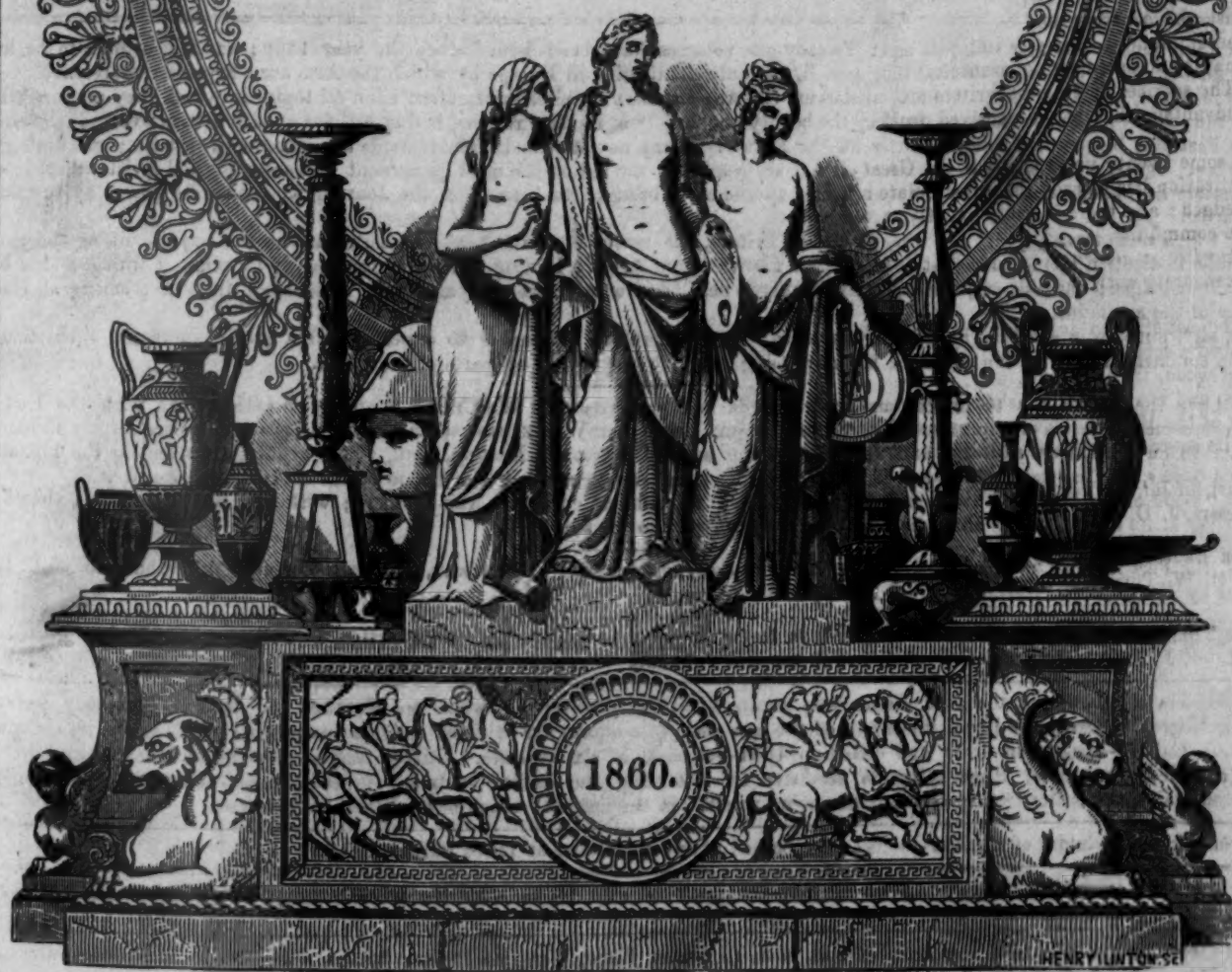
NEW SERIES: CONTAINING THE ROYAL GALLERY.

No. LXVII.

[PRICE HALF-A-CROWN.]

JULY.

THE  
ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON: JAMES S. VIRTUE;

PUBLISHED BY ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE, AND CO., 25, PATERNOSTER ROW;

NEW YORK: VIRTUE AND CO. PARIS: STASSIN AND XAVIER. LEIPZIG: F. A. BROCKHAUS.

OFFICE OF THE ART-JOURNAL, 4, LANCASTER PLACE, WATERLOO BRIDGE, STRAND, WHERE ALL COMMUNICATIONS FOR THE EDITOR MAY BE SENT.

JAMES S. VIRTUE, PRINTER, CITY ROAD, LONDON.





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This "Book of the Hudson" has been prepared especially for publication in the ART-JOURNAL; with this view Mr. Lossing visited the gigantic river at its source, and is now tracing its course downward to the sea.

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
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All Orders for Advertisements should be sent to J. S. VIRTUE, 294, City Road; 26, Ivy Lane, City; or to 4, Lancaster Place, Waterloo Bridge, Strand.

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## THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON JULY 1, 1880.

## MEN OF PROMISE.

PROCTER AND DEARE.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

AUTHOR OF "LIFE IN SPAIN."



THE grave of a man of promise!"—what a text for the moralist!

Shall our poets shed stage-tears in homed verse at seeing frost kill the March violets, or the rough wind of the month with the lion's breath snapping off a budding bough, and shall we not do well to sit down for a moment upon the grave-stone of young genius?

Death is terrible when he strikes the child,—Death is even more terrible when he comes to the young man, and casts him down his dark trap-door into the black river. It is difficult to say at such times, with the Turk, "Khismet"—it is ordained; it gives us great spasms at the heart, and pains in the brain, to see life snapped in the middle, and the rude black pen suddenly drawn across all the sketches of great resolves, high hopes, and mighty aspirations. When one recalls the kindling eye, the warm hand that grasped one's own so often with the silent grasp of friendship, it is difficult to imagine a cold weight of earth stopping that glowing pulse, fettering that wise hand, clogging that eager eye. Is the man of promise prisoned under the turf? what divine voice bade that heart grow cold, and those limbs forget their duty? what removed him from us ere his work seemed done? who took the chisel from this hand and the brush from that, and bade them go sleep under the heavy stone until the judgment? The All-seeing, the All-wise, sent the Angel of Death to call them away, these two we are now the temporary biographers of—that we know; but before the causes of that summons hangs the great curtain of night. That unseen hand is moving among the crowd in every street, but it seizes only those whose hour is come. Death is but God's messenger, and all he does is well, because God wills it.

A hundred years ago, the name of Thomas Procter, now forgotten, was great among the sculptors of England. He was a student of the Royal Academy, and the black river-god of Somerset House had seldom stared at a youth of greater promise. He was of humble birth—that is, he had the disadvantage of being poor, a disgrace only to those who are base enough to think it so—and was born at Settle, in the West Riding of Yorkshire—a hardy, horse-breaking province, where the men are toughened by the sea air, and rendered kindly wise by the necessity of struggling more for life and life's needs than we are in the more tepid and en-

feebled south. He was a man of the wolds; perhaps of Danish blood, or with some tang of a purer and less mixed race than your flat lower provinces, with their squared-out and super-divided meadows, can muster—something of the Scotsman's tenacity, craft, and endurance lingered about the horse-taming Yorkshireman. The Northman's luxuries are the Southron's necessities; and I have no doubt that, if civil war were possible in England, that the southern counties would soon be overrun and conquered by the northern. Home sickness is a disease unknown to the Scotchman, as we all are aware: the man who did not live on grass and thistles could snatch no living, if he dared to struggle for life, among a circle of Yorkshire traders. But, in saying this, we are but jesting. The Yorkshire blood is pure, and strong, and hot, though it may be a little cool and slow in pulsation. The Yorkshire body is a good stock for the worker, whether with brain or hand; and stouter and more stalwart men are not to be found than are to be met with in the bleak Ridings.

We presume that Procter started with a good country capital of health—no bad basis for the bank of life, say what you will. What early instinct, what accidental preponderance of certain faculties led Procter, the young Yorkshireman, to sculpture, we shall never now know. Some drawing in the nursery, perhaps, some book of prints, some stray picture, the waif and stray of some great house gone to pieces, kindled the first ambition in the heart, and fed that snake that grew till it swallowed up all the other passions. Strong enough at first to be called genius, to enlist friends, and to win believers in father and mother, it does not seem to have been; for in due time the swarthy, black-haired boy was bound apprentice to a tobaccoist at Manchester, to which smoky town he repaired, to weigh spongy masses of the narcotic weed, to number cigars, to dip out shells of snuff for old women, to perch on stools and run all day up and down tedious columns of figures, to compare, to add up, to balance—in fact, to narrow a large and growing mind with a routine of petty duties. This provincial work soon became intolerable. The ambitionless, idealless, money-making Manchester men were no meet companions for the high-souled, ardent young sculptor, with perpetual fire working at his heart and brain—to whom the earth itself seemed too small a scope for his ambition, and who could play juggler's tricks with the very sun and brother planets, were his hand as large as his ambition. He goes up to London, and enters with new hopes and fresh wings the house of Messrs. Harrison and Ansley, merchants. But who can stop the sea when the dyke is once broken down? nothing now will do but devoting a whole life to Art. Imagine his ardent letters to friends home, down in Yorkshire, showing that giving up something for nothing is the nearest way to earn thousands. In 1777 he becomes a happy student of the Royal Academy, eager to grow his own gold tree, and to surpass in fame even that rough misanthropic genius, Irish Barry; or, in his own special art, the great Roubilliac. His mind fluctuates between the two goddesses of painting and sculpture. In both arts, however antagonistic they may appear, he obtains triumphs; and all the time he works on the hard benches of the academic schools. He is treated kindly and as a friend by the merchants he had left—at both their houses, at Tottenham and Clapham, he hangs up his cocked hat with equal pleasure; he drinks their wine, and tells studio stories, he rhapsodises, in the midst of mercantile talk, about the Venus de Medici, and the Belvidere Apollo—about Rome and its sculptor's heaven. The same fire that burnt in the man of promise who died yesterday in

the Temple or Gray's Inn, burnt in the heart of the young Yorkshireman. Give him time and opportunity, and he will grapple with even the great Florentine himself; no fence is too high for his horse, no ditch too broad. He is the centre of a band of young men, the central planet in the life-schools at Somerset House. If he wants money, his old employers give it him—for they, at least, know his worth, and believe in his genius.

Barry's picture of 'Venus rising from the Sea,' a well-drawn but coldly classical subject, to our eye, fired this swarthy youth to paint a large and ambitious scene of 'Adam and Eve,' illustrating a passage of 'Paradise Lost'; though not a mechanically good painting, still winning great applause from bewildered rivals, and pleased superiors. A few years later, and the young Yorkshireman gained a premium from the Society of Arts, and a silver medal from the Royal Academy. The next year, he crowns his triumph by carrying off the Academy gold medal by an historical picture, and his grasp and vigour are now admitted.

Cottage interiors and every-day happiness are nothing to our man of promise—the real is far too vulgar a thing for his great ambition. He lives in dream-world, among straight-nosed goddesses and well-made Apollos. He thinks no one can become an old master without painting Greek noses, so he strains a monstrous white canvas, and designs 'Venus approaching the Island of Cyprus,'—as if the Isle of Dogs did not behave us more than Cyprus, and our own "not impossible she" more than all the dead stone Venuses, with the frozen simpers and the blank eyes. Still the man of promise knew no better, and what he thought he ought to do, he did—which is more than some of us can say.

I suppose, with his strong will and fervid speech, the short, sturdy Yorkshireman, with the swarthy skin and enormous coal-black whiskers, was a great favourite among the hot bloods of the studios, with their ready belief in budding genius, and profound sympathy with men of promise. At all events, we hear that when Procter gained the gold medal, and some bland mediocrity read his name out to the hot, eager faces, they seized the black-eyed lad of the West Riding, hurried him down stairs, and eventually carried him on their shoulders round the broad quadrangle of Somerset House, much to the wonder of the sooty figure of the Thames. All this Barry, the truculent and pugnacious, saw with kindling eyes, and shouted, "Blood and oons! the Greeks did it—do it again, boys—do it again!" which must have solaced Procter for many painful midnights, and have sent Barry home with ideas for his Adelphi pictures, and the Olympic Games episode.

To work goes the black-bearded Yorkshireman as one of his horse-taming race should; no tobacco now, save to smoke as balsam for mental wounds, while he pinches, and thumbs, and kneads the stupid clay into forms of beauty, that the man of promise believes fashioned for the pantheon of genius and the palace of eternity. Alas! it is but grave clay he kneads, and the black face is behind every mask that hangs upon his humble walls. God's promises are children; the devil's are the juggling dreams with which genius such as Procter's is beguiled to death. Procter works with his tooth-brush handles, his steelscoops and scrapers, his sculptor's tools, in short. He creates out of clay wonderful works, which are never to become stone. His 'Ixion on the Wheel, rolling in Torture,' draws crowds of cocked-hatted and spectacled men, who look at each other and smile, as Sir Joshua Reynolds, drawing out that wine-filterer of an ear-trumpet, tells Mr. West the work is admirable, and Mr. West of course, who praises everything, says it is admirable too; so that Sir Abraham Hume



thinks it a safe investment, and buys it, giving guineas for clay—one sort of earth for another—lead for gold, as Procter's friends think; though that one-ided old Nollekens says, "He don't see why Procter should make the man Ixion going round on the Catherine-wheel with his eyes closed, for he (Nolly) could not sleep if he had the toothache, much less on the Catherine-wheel;" but then Nolly does not like men who dare large works, and are fools enough to neglect profitable bustos. Then Procter's Pirithous was very good; and he tried to excel, like Michael Angelo, both in sculpture and painting.

But the clouds of fate began to darken over the man of promise. His ambition was sometimes greater than his powers of performance. On one occasion he sent a huge mainsail of a picture—a Druidical subject; oakwoods like enormous cabbages, and bed-gown Druids. I fear the council shrugged their shoulders at it, and advised him to put more work into it. There was mind in the sketch, but not much paint. It was such a monster of a picture—such a rickety, hydrocephalic child, with so little brain, that the council had to give him a painting-room on the premises; where the porter doubtless gave him friendly hints, and received with perfect composure the black scorn of the Yorkshireman of promise. Busy at the bed-gown Druids, Procter worked for several days on the mainsail: but the members of the council who dropped in, dropped out again, fatally silent, and squinting violently at the Druids, as sham Druids—whether in pictures or on the stage—always make you do. They begged little bitter Northcote to go and look at it, and he went and squinted too; and so after all the picture was never exhibited, but the council, with many bland bows and smirks, and looking over spectacles silvery and golden, pretended to the black-whiskered man of promise that the Druids were too large for Somerset House, and not a word was said about the want of expression and the flimsy painting. Like a famous fresco of modern times, the great picture was, we fear, a *fiasco*. What claims to fame Procter had as a painter, it is indeed difficult to discover, for Northcote, a lemon of a man, said Procter's paintings were poor, but spoke of him highly as a modeller; while Nollekens, the sculptor, said Procter excelled in painting, and was not much in clay. Now, a painter praising a man's sculpture and condemning his painting, and a sculptor praising his painting and condemning his sculpture, sounds rather dubious to our suspicious ears, distrustful of men of promise who are not men of performance.

Perhaps those unlucky bed-gown Druids led Procter into trouble; for ten years a crape veil of mist and premature oblivion shuts him from our sight—all we know is, that among other low, material vexations, such as milk scores and angry "hagging" landladies, he had to dig a hole in the floor of his room, so as to enable it to contain his enormous model of 'Diomedes thrown to his Horses, that he had fed on Human Flesh.' It was too big for his house—and it proved too big for the houses of the *cognoscenti*, for no one bought it, and Procter, unable to pay for hire of a warehouse, broke it to pieces with his own hand, his heart aching at each blow.

O ye who have dreamed for years over some thought which with sweat of brain ye have, at last, transformed to book, or statue, or picture, suddenly to see it snipped to pieces by critics' poisoned scissors, or left unheeded by the crowd who passed on to see the last juggler balance his feathers on his nose, imagine, as no others can, the agony of this destruction!

Ten years have passed since the shining gold medal was placed in the swarthy brown hand

of Procter; and that useful body, the Royal Academy, have left their man of promise to starve in obscurity—to break up the work of his lone midnights in the paroxysm of despair.

Ten sad years pass, and the period arrives that a student is to be sent to Rome by the Royal Academy. The respectable snow-bewigged mediocrities, over their comfortable wine, remember the clever, gold-medal student, and fix upon Procter. Mr. West, always mediocre, and always amiable, agrees to find him—to dive for him, and bring him up by the locks. Where is he? No one can find him, or hear anything of him. He is buried in black London—drowned in the muddy, weedy sea of poverty.

At the time that Mr. West, with kind but yet tardy zeal, is searching for the entombed genius, singularly enough, Fortune, also rather tardy, has sent another friend: Mr. Riding, a painter and picture dealer, formerly an intimate friend of Procter's, is also looking for him, and finds him. The clouds break for Procter; the blue shows. Riding observes his friend's disturbed and restless manner; he sees that he is entangled in a Nessus net of debts, and that his one wish is to become free. Riding put forth all his strength to help him. He goes privately to a man who holds a note against Procter for money lent. It is a weapon that may be at any moment used against the man of promise. He goes and represents his poor friend's distress. He appeals to the lender, and touches his heart. He so wins him over that the note is thrown on the fire, and flies a red tinder up the chimney, the mischievous devil that lurked in it being exorcised by that process. It is late at night when the devil is dismissed; and early next morning Riding will rise and tell Procter. Happy at his success, Riding goes home to sleep lightly, as good men can do.

In the meantime, Mr. West has dug up Procter, and been to his lodgings in Maiden Lane. He finds him cowering over a heap of clay, in the obscure lodging, in a deplorably reduced state—weak, helpless, and desponding. The well-dressed, comfortable man looks at him with eyes of pity, relieves him, invites him to dinner, offers him letters of introduction to Roman friends, and determines to send him as tutor with his own (West's) son to Rome. He leaves him, brushing his cocked hat, and blandly expressing his regret at Procter's genius having been so long neglected. He shakes him by the hand, and wishes him "good night."

The next morning dawns hopeful and bright, and with it, to the humble door opposite the Cider Cellar in Maiden Lane, comes Riding. He pushes back the dirty, careless drudge, who knows nothing about Mr. Procter—he is up stairs in a moment; he thrusts open the bedroom door—no answer; he calls anxiously; he shouts his good tidings—no response; he runs to the bed, drags down the tawdry, tucked-in curtains, pulls back the sheet—there is the great black *fell* of hair on the pillow, but the face pale, and the jaw sunk. The man of promise has died before he became a man of performance.

But we must move from the death-bed of one man of promise to the grave of another. Unlike that of Procter, it is far from the smoke that boils perpetually over the "dim spot" that men call London; it is in that lonely burial-ground outside the walls of Rome where Keats sleeps, under the shadow of the toy pyramid of Caius Cestus, within hearing of those skeleton chariots that nightly race along the adjacent Appian way, what time the night-ingles are toiling at their delicious inspiration of song. It is the grave of Deare, the young English sculptor, who lies in this garden of

death; and it is of the dream-bubbles of his life, and their evaporation into grains of churchyard dust, that I have now to treat.

Deare was of a humble Liverpool stock; those irrestrainable instincts which, when allied to power and energy, constitute genius, led him, from a boy, to observe the shape and outline of objects that surrounded him, and to try to reproduce them—a tendency which, in a low mind, is apish, but in a high one is nothing but divine. At ten, after much chipping and scraping of a resultless kind, he produced a small skeleton carved by himself with his own school penknife. It was rather an ominous, ghastly production; but so it was, that day after day, that thoughtful boy, rosy with health, and intent on his self-imposed task, had sat down beside a real skeleton, and studied its central column, its globular grim skull, reproducing in wood every socket of the vertebrae, every ridge and furrow of that wonderful ground-plan of the Deity,—that first sketch of Adam, that scaffold on which our house of clay is reared. On that little wooden puzzle, only six inches and a half high, that boy had laboured like a young Baron Trenck, wiling away weary hours of prison gloom with this task of laborious idleness; and all that time, could he but have seen it, the skeleton grinned and waited for the appointed time when he would be permitted to put forth his bony claw, and clutch his victim.

Between school hours our genius, sadly indifferent to sticky sugar-casks, wadded cotton bales, and red-lined ledgers, devoted all his spare time to copying prints and engravings, bought for him by his proud father. His genius ran to Homeric subjects—to the vast and grand; and what in other minds was a dunghill on a village common, was to him a boundless prairie and the illimitable ocean. Long afterwards his eyes used to glow and his nostrils dilate at reading of the tramp of Homer's horsemen, or the clang of the wounded as they fell beside the Scamander.

No difficulties lie, like "caltrops" for cavalry, in the way of this young genius—the sun smiles, the sky is of a perpetual blue. He goes up to the great black London. He is articulated with much hopefulness to a Mr. Thomas Carter, in Piccadilly, in a small house now erased by a larger one. He is set at carving chimney-pieces, and although only sixteen, soon becomes celebrated for his exquisite taste and skill. But this will not suffice him; he goes to the Academy, where Nollekens is visitor, and where Flaxman and Procter are beginning to get known, and drawing so well that the startled new comer is driven to modelling, being afraid of their competition. In 1780 he carries off the gold medal at the Academy for a model of (Milton's) Adam and Eve, though then only twenty. There is no limit to what this genius may do. He will be the greatest Liverpool, greatest English, greatest European, sculptor. If wonderful at twenty, what will he be at forty? Alas! could not that skeleton have answered, had heaven given it back for a moment a tongue?

The genius writes home in high spirits. The world grows wider round him—perpetual sunshine for him gilds black London. Mr. Carter, "a blustering fellow, but a good man," as he tells his father—making, I suppose, much easy gold by the ready, skilful hand of the Liverpool genius—is going ("he thinks") to give him half a guinea a week for the first part of his apprenticeship, and fifteen shillings for the latter end of that term of bearable slavery. He is full of stories of Roubilliac, and Scheemackers, and Spang the Dane, who taught Nollekens, and produced the small anatomical figure that artists still use. He tells his father how he attended the dissections of dead murderers and thieves at Surgeons' Hall, how he went and watched their pale bodies with the blue



rings round the necks flayed—as Hogarth once did, when he drew his hideous picture of Tom Nero being anatomized. Deare was present when a “fine subject”—some murderer or highwayman—was removed to the Somerset House (in a chair or a coach, we suppose), and bent into the position of the Dying Gladiator for the use of the Royal Academy, where the “fine subject” still is an ornament useful to young anatomists. The casts in Surgeons’ Hall, hideous but to the eyes of science, being one half red and flayed, and the other whole, of untouched skin, especially delighted him. All this time there is a care and prudence in the young genius not uncommendable. He takes great pleasure in telling his friends that crafty Nollekens got most of his money by buying and selling antique figures; and that Van Gildar, one of his fellow workmen, “who is one of the best hands in London for foliage,” and who “cut that large figure in our shop,” had saved a thousand pounds by keeping men at work for him at home, while he got his humble two guineas a week at Carter’s shop. Carter is one of those men who know how to use clever men, and get himself the praise for what others do. He “screwed down” the young craftsmen, and paid them liberally with promises,—a sort of mental assignat that your Pecksniff of every profession is liberal in, whether he be your editor who is praised for what a correspondent has written, or your sculptor who is praised for what his workmen have achieved. Carter in this way gets great credit for a monument for unlucky General Burgoyne’s lady, and for a rich tablet for a chimney-piece.

Deare does not neglect his study of more serious things all this time: he is determined to go through the whole course of the antique, from Adonis to Venus, from A to Z—men, women, children—all the stone family that the Greeks left us: he will draw and draw till he knows them thoroughly, inside and outside, muscle and flesh; he will take to pieces, in fact, the old Greek puzzle, and, by help of Surgeons’ Hall, put it together again, so that he may in time learn the art of constructing similar puzzles. The genius of Liverpool prepares, with much fear and trembling, to compete for the Academy gold medal. Ecstein, a German who works in “Tom” Carter’s shop, is one competitor, the third falls ill, and is therefore “scratched.” Ecstein is already known as the designer of Townsend’s monument in Westminster Abbey, a work that Flaxman thought very well of, and, being twice as old and big as Deare, looms with undue grandeur in the imagination of the genius. The day comes, the names of the subjects for the best historical design in clay and on canvas are put into a cup, the painters first, the sculptors next. Both professions have five hours to make their proof sketches in. The sculptor’s subject is, ‘The Angels Surprising Satan at the Ear of Eve.’ Deare thumbs and squeezes the clay; his sketch is pronounced surprising, his friends only lament that such early success will render him conceited, or make him neglect his studies. The day of decision comes, there is a dreadful silence as bland Sir Joshua, beaming in glittering spectacles, stands up and declares the gold medal is adjudged to “the model marked E, the production of Mr. John Deare.” The students, who know Deare for a lively, generous, open-hearted, frank man, murmur their congratulations. The secretary calls “John Deare.” The genius, all of a fiery blush, bustles through the mob, receives the medal, and stands there timidly before the president and council till the lecture is over. Proudly he writes home to tell his father that his model is to be carried to Buckingham Palace to be admired by the King and Queen; proudly he tells them that the Satan was modelled opposite a mirror from his own face, distorted by grimaces for the purpose; proudly, and with pride no man could

blame, he entreats his father not “to part with that Devil,” but to keep it till his brothers, Ned or Joe, had “taste and ability” enough to value it as a gem.

How soon these young geniuses acquire the trick of royalty, learn to sway the sceptre with the conventional grace, and trail the royal purple in the old Cæsar way. Still, the true metal shows itself—real genius never stays at Capua when Rome itself is within sight. He drives his fussy landladies distracted with anxieties about his candles, for he sits up to “hateful hours.” He works in such a way that the skeleton in the corner has much ado to keep from bursting into open laughter, so forgetful is he of poor flesh and blood. He seldom goes to bed till three or later; and after his latest theatre—for he is a great student of Shakspeare—he will produce ten or twelve clear, well drawn designs. To go to the theatre he will miss his dinner, or anything but work. Grin, skeleton, grin; this is the way genius cuts its own throat, with its short-sighted avarice of time due to sleep. Is there an action we do that does not make either our attendant devil laugh or our guardian angel weep? So let the skeleton grin, he can do but what God permits; and, after all, it is not with marble statues the world is in these later days much benefited, not with all this plaster academy work and daily two hours life-study. Yes, this knowledge, gleaned from Dr. Hunter’s Anatomical Lectures, Sandby’s Architecture, and Reynolds’s Art Aphorisms, will all end in the dark pit and its smothering six feet of Roman earth.

1783.—Deare has left Carter, and that divinity of his youthful imagination has shrunk to very small dimensions. He comes now to bring the genius work, and tries to quibble him out of odd guineas, at which genius fires up, finding it “of amazing advantage to keep up consequence,” as it keeps off “twopenny-halfpenny jobs.” He knows Carter must come to him, for nobody else can finish it in the same style; so he boldly ups, and tells Carter that unless he deals as a gentleman with him, he will not work. He gets twenty-four guineas for a chimney-piece tablet, tries to save up to launch out in larger apartments, and almost succeeds in persuading the Prince of Wales to sit to him. The world knows no proof of genius superior to that of making money. Deare does anything; models a Cupid for Mr. Cheere, the maker of leaden garden images, who lives next door to his old master, Carter; and, to crown all, the great Mr. Bacon, the sculptor, comes to him to model some figures for a monument, to be done at two guineas a week, not tying himself down as to time.

The sculptor in this leaden age was still something of the tradesman, so you see he designed chimney-pieces, garden images, and figures for the pediments of country houses. Orders for all these come in fast and threefold upon our friend Deare. He now charges sixty pounds for a mantel-piece, has modelling more than he can execute, and all this time he lives in a room so small and full of models, that gentlemen visitors must either stand or sit on the bed when they come to see his wonders. He models for the great lead figure man in Piccadilly; and even now, perhaps, in suburban gardens Deare’s Cupids gather mould and moss.

#### ROME.

Deare at Rome turns marble into gold, hobbles with dukes, copies the Apollo for Lord Berwick, and the Ariadne for an Irish banker’s son. From a descendant of Penn alone, who takes him on a trip to Naples to see Vesuvius throw up fire, he gets £470 worth of work. He buys a grey stallion, and rides out like a gentleman after working hours, when it gets too dark to chip at marble mouths and marble

eyes. He learns the Italian airs of dancing, hires several marble cutters and a boy servant. Marble comes to him from Carrara, and he is able to pay as much as 427 crowns for it at a time. To crown all, he marries a clever little Roman girl of humble birth, with whom he is happy.

He is now a thriving man, he writes to his brother Joseph that he has laboured like a giant for three years, and entreats him not to lose an hour in picking up information; entreats him not to stop till he is a leading man in his art, whatever it may be. He gets full too of *dilettante* gossip about Rome and its museums and galleries; about the Palatine hill, now a vineyard; and about the large and grand “Colosseum, or Amphitheatre of Titus,” which he innocently describes as one might now do Tadmor, or some temple of Central America. He prefers St. Paul’s to St. Peter’s, but is interested at the tomb of “the late Pretender’s” wife, the daughter of Sobieski; and he mentions, as news, that just before he wrote, the Duchess of Albany, an amiable woman, the Pretender’s natural daughter, had died at Bologna of abscess, so there remained of the Stuarts only the Cardinal York, an old man and a bigot, who lived like a sovereign.

In the midst of all this hope and performance, Death comes to the door of the man of promise’s studio, and gives his order among the rest. Deare must leave his chisel, and lie under a stone carved by another. On August 17, 1798, Deare dies of bilious fever after ten days’ illness. His friend Grignon writes a business letter to the poor father in England, sending him an authority to sign, in order that Signor Antonio Leonetti, an advocate “who has a very extensive acquaintance among the English of the best fashion who visit Rome, and is universally known for a man of abilities and integrity,” may prevent the dispersion of the man of promise’s effects among the poor relations of Deare’s Italian wife.

The lively, generous, choleric man of promise now sleeps near the Pyramid outside the walls of Rome.

Let us fling down our handful of valedictory dust on the two men of promise, deriving some small lesson of humility from our glance into those quiet and forgotten graves—a warning that we in our pride of strength and flush of hope will do good not to neglect. Let us not repine at the great dark hand that sometimes comes out from behind the curtain, and removes the crowning pieces from the chess-board of life: that hand cannot move without God’s will. Life begins, but does not end on earth. From great miseries, from still more fatal and hopeless non-performance, may those men of promise have been withdrawn. As struggling men ourselves, as men not always triumphant in the struggle, let us look aside with pity for one moment as a fore-rank man falls; and hereafter, when we pass over the battle-field, let us stop to pluck one weed, at least, from the graves of two forgotten *Men of Promise*.

#### PICTURE RESTORATIONS IN PARIS.

WE have read in the *Moniteur* a statement to the following effect. Public opinion has been attracted lately to the restoration of the paintings in the Louvre. The directors of the galleries have, in what has recently been done, only fulfilled the obligations of their office. Pictures are subjected to various evils and deteriorations, which it is obviously the duty and interest of their possessors to prevent as much as possible. Canvas and panels shrink or dilate, according to the temperature of the locality in which they are kept, whilst the priming is not subject to



the same causes. This often produces the numerous cracks observed in old paintings, which render relining and repairing necessary. An account of the late restoration of Raffaele's picture of 'St. Michael and the Dragon,' as it appeared in the *Moniteur*, will illustrate the subject, and no doubt be found useful:—"The painting of 'St. Michael' has been replaced in its frame in the grand saloon of the Louvre, after being relined and repaired. This picture seemed menaced with complete and speedy destruction—in parts the colouring fell off in large scales, in others it was reduced to dust, like a crayon drawing. For these last ten years various methods have been tried to prevent this decay, but without success, a general treatment has therefore been resorted to, by which we hope still to preserve through long years this work of the great master. The painting has been taken from the canvas to an extent which has made visible the simple outline drawn by the artist in chalk, previously to painting; this operation has laid open the various repairs and restorations made during the period of its existence—342 years. The 'St. Michael' and the 'Holy Family' were painted for the Duke D'Urbino, who presented them to Francis I. in 1518; they were painted on wood, and all care was taken to preserve them and others. In ancient accounts we find the following item:—"Paid the sum of eleven livres to Francisco Primaticcio, of Bologna, for having, in October, 1530, washed and cleaned the varnish of four paintings by Raffaele—"The Holy Family," "St. Margaret," "St. Michael," and "The Portrait of Anne of Arragon." Primaticcio did not content himself with cleaning the 'St. Michael,' but retouched it: the recent operations have laid bare a tracing of the left foot which is certainly not by Raffaele, but is by the Bolognese painter. Nothing can be worse for old pictures than to entrust them to celebrated painters for restoration; instead of filling up the cracks (a work of patience) they often repaint whole parts, and often, too, as in the above case, alter the contour. In 1685, 2000 livres were paid to Guelin for restoration of the 'St. Michael.' In 1753 Picault took the painting from the wood and placed it on canvas. In 1776, it was relined by Haquin; and again in 1800 by Picault, jun. All these restorations prove the picture to have suffered much; five different sorts of mastic were visible on it. One of these last restorations was executed by the celebrated painter Girodet, who repainted completely the left foot, not conforming to Raffaele's contour, which was easily seen, but following his own ideas. The administration of the Museum confided to M. Mortemart the final restoration of this fine painting; all the repairs made by various artists, including the foot by Girodet, have been taken away, and the work left as much as possible in its original state. It has been decided henceforth that no painting shall be retouched without sanction of a committee of members of the Institute (Section of the Fine Arts)."

While touching upon the Art-doings in Paris, we may as well insert here the latest information received from the French capital. Of the 45,735,000 francs set apart in 1860 for public works, 2,800,000 francs are given to the Minister of State, and are to be employed as follows:—100,000 francs for artists and authors; 5,000,000 francs to the *Bibliothèque Impériale*; 1,000,000 francs for historical monuments in the Departments; and 1,200,000 francs for completing the Louvre. A new gallery is now being finished in the Louvre to contain the French school, including the pictures now in the Luxembourg.—Gudin has received orders for two paintings, commemorative of the journey of the Emperor to Cherbourg and Brest.—The fountain by Jean Gougon, in the *Marché aux Innocents*, has been completely restored, and is now placed in the midst of a garden.—The two sphinxes, taken at Sebastopol, have been placed on each side of the gate of the gardens of the Tuilleries.—Public sales are almost over for the season: in that of the collection of M. Gruyter of Amsterdam, the following paintings were sold:—"Interior of a Forest," by Decker and A. Van Ostade, £136; "Dutch Cabaret," by Dusart, £392; "St. Jerome," by Gerard Dow, £126; a "Woody Landscape," by Hobbema, £192. Good pictures by the old masters are eagerly sought after in Paris.

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

## PEACE.

J. Drummond, R.S.A., Painter. P. Lightfoot, Sculptor.  
Size of the picture, 1 ft. 7½ in. by 1 ft. 4½ in.

THE works of this artist are but little known in London; he is a member of the Royal Scottish Academy, and a constant contributor to the exhibitions of that society in Edinburgh. In the year 1850, Mr. Drummond sent to the British Institution this picture, and another, which serves as a companion to it, entitled 'War.' They were purchased on the day of "private view" by the Prince Consort. Both pictures represent phases, or incidents, in the life of a knight of the olden time—of one who has been described as "a lion in the field, a lamb in the hall;" but he is here represented not as holding high revel among guests and retainers, under the roof of some lordly mansion—he is seated tranquilly on what appears to be the upper part of a castellated building; by his side is his wife, and at his feet is their daughter; the former has laid down her harp, and the latter is looking over what appears to be a music-book. The knight, a man whose countenance indicates advancing years, and the toils and struggles of war, is amusing himself, or rather amuses his young son, by dancing him on his foot. In the foreground is the lady's favourite hawk, and her husband's hunting-horn. The costumes of the figures and the accessories connected with the building are indicative of a period when fends prevailed; there is the alarm bell in the turret, with its pendent rope ready at hand; and the grating which holds the beacon-light has not been removed from the wall. Behind the massive battlement, at the farthest angle, two figures are seen in conversation; and over all, in the dark, but clear blue sky, shines the evening star, that, perhaps, but a short time before, looked down upon this now peaceful scene, when armed hosts were encamped around.

The composition is very simple, presenting but few points for comment; the artist has not aimed at any dramatic effect, his object evidently has been to illustrate his subject by a group of figures whose occupations or enjoyments are symbolical of safety and quietude: there is not a weapon of warfare to be seen; the knight's armour and his good sword are hung in the hall, and his charger grazes quietly in the green meadows that stretch far beyond the base of the castle walls. But it was not always thus,—perhaps even now his wife is thinking of past hours, when she could say to him,—

"In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,  
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;  
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed,  
Cry, 'Courage! to the field!' and thou hast talk'd  
Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,  
Of palisades, frontiers, parapets,  
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,  
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,  
And all the curetuels of a heady fight."

Civilization has denuded war of more than half the romance that characterized it in the semi-barbarous medieval times—a romance, however, which oftentimes served to mitigate much of the horror and suffering that followed in its rear. And yet the age of chivalry is not quite gone, though Burke mourned its departure scarcely more than half a century ago. Instances, and many too, of lion-like daring and chivalrous action, of fortitude, magnanimity, and endurance, are to be found in the histories of modern contests; just as they were when steel-clad knights rode forth from the tented field, and stalwart yeomen grappled with each other in deadly fight. Personal prowess has fewer opportunities of showing itself now than in times past; the rifle and the cannon-ball lays many a brave soldier low ere his comrades can see the "stuff of which he is made;" and science, as developed in the instruments of war, does, in our days, the work which was accomplished in the olden time only by individual courage and strength. Chaucer says, "There is many a man that crieth, 'War! war!' who knows full little what war amounts to;" and all great soldiers, except those who follow it as they would a pastime, deprecate it in the strongest terms. Happy are the people who can "beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks."

Mr. Drummond's picture is in the Royal Collection at Osborne.

## VISITS TO ART-MANUFACTORIES.

## No. 11.—THE DAMASK MANUFACTORY OF MR. WILLIAM BROWN, AT HALIFAX.

THE manner in which special manufactures have localised themselves is not a little remarkable; and the history of the introduction and progress of any one of our great industries is ever an interesting, and certainly a most instructive, study. The combination of natural conditions and circumstances more or less accidental which has given cotton manufacture as a staple to Lancashire, and that of wool to Yorkshire, would form in skilful hands the subject of a volume; curious from the incidents it would describe, and philosophical as treating with the applications of the powers of the human mind, to weave the products of nature into fabrics displaying many of the highest excellencies of Art-manufacture. It is not our purpose to deal with this question at present, any further than to remark that the localisation of the woollen manufacture has been regulated by the circumstances of fertile pastures and flowing streams. The flocks producing the raw material rejoiced on the luxuriant hills of Yorkshire, and the running waters of some of the most charming rivers in England furnished the mechanical power necessary to relieve man from some of his labour, and also to effect that thorough cleansing of the fleece, which was required ere it could be woven into a garment. We refer to the period when our grandfathers, yet ignorant of the might of steam, and still unacquainted with those almost automatic machines which now labour for us, were well content with the coarse cloth which the hand-weaver could produce; and when the kirtles and the farthingales of our grandmothers were laboriously woven, though of homely design, and yet so costly that the wedding garment frequently lasted through a long life as the holiday suit. Our wonderful steam-engines, and even more marvellous looms, have succeeded in changing the face of nature, for the heavens are hung in blackness, and the trees grow, as Cowper has it, "fuliginously green." Where the shepherd languidly tended his solemnly bleating flocks, and pastoral simplicity reigned, there is now the tall chimney pouring forth its black vapour; the monotonous throb of the powerful engine; and the unceasing hum—not of bees, "whose murmur invites one to sleep," but of the whirl of spindles, which ever demand the attention of the wakeful eye and the ready hand.

The pastoral period of the Yorkshire valleys has long passed away, and whether for good or for evil, civilisation, with a host of inventions, has possessed the land.

From the great mart of cloth manufacture, Leeds, to the emporium of alpaca and mohair, Bradford, and away to the carpet and curtain town of Halifax, all things are changed. Instead of the monastery there rises the mill, and in the place of that dreamy life, which desired "a dim religious light," there is an ever active industry, that taxes all the powers of the solar beam to aid its wide development. Having visited Kirkstall Abbey, and passed from thence to the iron furnaces of Low Moor, it will be well understood, by those who have walked in the quiet valley of the first, and seen the rough desolation of the last, how we were led to contrast the past with the present time. Nor was the spirit of our thoughts in any way changed when we emerged from the darkness of the railway tunnel, and looked upon Halifax, and on the precipitous hills by which that town is girded. On a former occasion (*Art-Journal* 1859, page 181) we described the mosaic wool-work executed in the carpet manufactory of the Messrs. Crossley's, of Halifax, and we return to this town again for the purpose of examining another of its manufactures, DAMASK. Mr. W. BROWN—whose damasks are, from the excellence of quality and superiority of design, known over Europe and America—afforded us every facility for studying each stage of a process of manufacture, every step of which is of interest, and which in its result furnishes an article ministering to our comforts, and to our pleasures; if harmonious colouring and choice design can give, as we believe they do, pleasure to every educated observer.

Damasks are of three varieties: *Union or Washing Damasks*, in which the warp is of cotton and the weft worsted; *Silk and Wool Damasks*; and *Worsted*





JAMES DRUMMOND, R. S. A. PINT

F. LIGHTFOOT, SCULPT

# PEACE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

LONDON, JAMES S. VIRTUE.



4 JY60



or *All-wool Damasks*. The latter variety is the most in demand, and is the most substantial and durable.

The wools generally used in this manufacture are those grown in Lincolnshire, Northumberland, and Yorkshire. As much of the quality of the wool depends upon the degree of care that is bestowed on the sheep in every stage of its existence, and since wool is of considerable commercial value, it scarcely need be stated that the wools of one district, where great care is taken, essentially differ from those of another, where the purity of breed is less cautiously preserved. On this principle is explained the fact that the wool produced by the sheep of one county passes into one branch of manufacture, and that obtained from a locality, differing in some slight degree, is always preferred for another.

All wool in its natural state contains a quantity of a peculiar potash soap, secreted by the animal, and commonly called the *yolk*. This should be removed as soon as possible from the wool, and it is easily, on account of the alkali which it contains, washed out with lukewarm water. This operation having been performed, the wool is pressed and dried; after which it is sent to the comb, whose business it is to arrange all the fibres in the same direction, and to separate the long from the short staple. Until of late years, all the wool for the finer purposes was combed by hand; but machinery of so perfect a character has been devised, that the labour of hand combing is almost entirely done away with. Mr. James Noble, of Halifax, was the inventor of a combing machine, which was long used, and highly approved of. Many improvements have been introduced since this invention, and the arrangements now made in the machine combing establishment of Messrs. S. C. Lister & Co., are as nearly perfect as probably any machine can be. It is not possible within our limited space to describe any of those machines, even could we do so in a satisfactory manner without the aid of drawings. The object is to place all the fibres in one direction, and this being effected, the wool is transferred to the drawing machine. By the process to which it is now subjected, the fibres are more perfectly drawn out and mingled preparatory to its being spun. The spinning operations scarcely require any description; suffice it to say, that the wool is spun of different degrees of fineness. The hardest twisted worsted is called *tammy* warp, and when the size of this worsted is such as to be 20 or 24 hanks to the pound weight, the twist is about 10 turns in each inch of length. The least twist is given to the worsted for fine hosiery, which is from 18 to 24 hanks to the pound; the twist is then from 5 to 6 turns per inch. The degree of twist is regulated by the size of the whirrs or pulleys upon the spindle, and by the wheel work which communicates the motion to the front rollers from the band-wheel which turns the spindles. By changing the wheels, the counts of the yarns may be made to vary; the sizes required for damask varying from 18s. single, to 40s., and double, 24s. to 60s. This means that (say No. 24) 24 hanks, each containing 560 yards, will weigh a pound, and so on of the others. The worsted is sometimes woven in its natural colour, but for goods made in various colours of warp and weft, the weft is best dyed in the wool, it makes a much more even thread, and is better in every respect.

The *Union Damasks* are woven in the loom of a dull white colour, and afterwards dyed in the piece. The warp of these damasks is of cotton, which is wound on a roller placed at the back of the loom, the threads being of 24s., 30s., 36s., 40s., or 60s. counts; and the wefts of worsted are of 22s., 24s., 28s., or 30s. counts, according to the quality required, the higher counts producing the finest quality. As the cotton and the wool do not take the same dyes with equal facility, although dyed in the piece, the fabric returns from the dyer's in two colours, as blue and white, green and white, &c.

*Yarn dyed Damasks* are of two or more colours, and both the cotton and the wool are dyed of the required colour before being put into the loom to be woven. In these fabrics many colours or effects can be produced in the design, by a skilful and tasteful arrangement of the warp, or cotton portion.

*Silk and Wool Damasks* are made precisely similar to yarn dyed damasks. These are capable of producing very brilliant effects; many of a truly beautiful character are constantly being woven in the looms

on Mr. Brown's establishment. In some cases this brilliancy of effect is desired to be produced at a less price; then they are woven with cotton warp, which is so arranged that it shows only on the back of the piece.

*Worsted or All-Wool Damasks* have both the warp and weft of wool. These are generally woven of a grey colour, and dyed to the shade of colour desired. When it is desired to produce two or more colours, the wools of both warp and weft have to be dyed before weaving, as in the case of the yarn dyed goods. Very great improvements have lately been made in all-wool damasks, since the introduction of the power-loom. The figure or design was formerly produced by the warp thread, and was generally of a large scroll pattern: indeed there was so little limit for the artist, that formerly we rarely saw any designs in damask which were at all pleasing to the eye educated on correct principles of taste. The pattern is now almost always produced by the weft (or cross the piece) thread, which produces a figure, a velvety figure, altogether more soft and pleasing than the warp, or twisted (*double*) thread did. Almost endless effects are produced by the introduction of the "Rep" and "Genoa" grounds. We hope these terms are sufficiently intelligible to our readers, since they are commonly employed to distinguish the corded and the softer or velvety varieties of damask.

From the improvements in weaving, figures or designs are now made in great variety, and exactly alike on both sides of the cloth, rendering the old system of lining draperies quite unnecessary; this, of course, produces a saving in the cost of the material, and greater elegance in the resulting draperies.

All figured damasks are woven by the power-loom, to which is adapted the ingenious arrangements of Jacquard. The Jacquard loom dates from 1800, but it does not appear to have been introduced into Halifax until 1825. It is now universally employed wherever figure weaving is required, in fabrics of every degree of fineness. Its arrangements are applied equally to the delicate muslin and the coarse carpet.

To those who have not studied the arrangements of the Jacquard loom, we feel it is almost impossible to convey a correct idea of its simple though perfect details. It will, however, be easy to comprehend, that when a great number of warp threads (the threads running the long way of the fabric) are placed on the same plane, parallel with each other, that, accordingly as the weft threads (the threads passing across the piece, or at right angles to the warp threads) are made to pass by an uniform system, over or under the warp, the result will be a pattern. If any one will be at the trouble to look at some simple design—say a leaf upon a piece of damask—it will be obvious to him that a certain number of the weft threads being above the warp threads, varying in number nearly every time they cross each other, the pattern is produced: where there is no design, there is a regular and uniform alternation of the threads of the warp and the weft. Now if every other warp thread is lifted, and the weft thread is shot through the space thus formed, we shall have one warp and one weft thread appearing on the surface; and by varying this according to an organised plan, a very great variety of design can be produced. To move each particular thread by hand is almost an impossibility. The first business of the weaver is to adapt those parts of his loom which move the warp, to the formation of the various kinds of ornamental figures which the cloth is intended to exhibit. This is called the draught,—drawing or reading in,—and the *cording* of looms. In every species of weaving, whether direct or cross, the whole difference of pattern is produced either by the succession in which the threads of warp are introduced into the "Healds," or by the succession in which those healds are moved in the working. The healds being stretched between two shafts of wood, all the healds connected by the same shafts are called a leaf; and as the operation of introducing the warp into any number of leaves is called drawing a warp, the plan of succession is called the draught. The different leaves are next connected in the ordinary looms with treddles, by which the threads are moved so that one or more may be raised or sunk by every treddle successively, as may be required to produce the pattern. These connections being made

by coupling the different parts of the apparatus by cords; this operation is called the *cording*.

A like system of "harness" is employed in the Jacquard loom, but the cords attached to the threads are moved by a contrivance which constitutes the peculiarity of the machine. The "harness" is connected by loops, with skewers of iron wire, which pass through holes in a fixed board; and these are moved by an adjustment which is connected with a square axis, which is movable upon itself, round two iron pivots fixed in its two ends. Over this moves the endless chain of cards which forms the striking feature of the Jacquard loom. The skewers being moved backward or forward, either lift the thread or allow it to remain at rest. The cards of the Jacquard loom are perforated upon a system which we shall presently endeavour to describe; and accordingly as the needles are free to pass the perforations, or are pressed by the unperforated parts, so are the warp threads moved. The card, with its holes, is, we will suppose, applied against the side of the square axis which we have mentioned, now it leaves at rest or untouched all the horizontal spindles (skewers) whose ends correspond to the holes, but it pushes back those which are opposite to the unperforated parts of the card, thereby the corresponding vertical skewers, which are raised along with the warp threads attached to them.

This may appear very complicated, but it acts, however, in a very simple manner. Such a number of perforated pasteboards are to be provided, and mounted, as equal the number of throws of the shuttle between the beginning and the end of any figure or design which is to be woven. According to the length of the figure so must be the number of pasteboards, which are made to move as an endless chain, so as to secure a regular reproduction of the design.

The design is first drawn by the artist, and then transferred to paper ruled in squares, in the manner of the patterns for Berlin wool-work. Those squares are carefully numbered, and faithfully represent the warp and the weft threads. From this the perforated cards are then constructed. To form these card slips, an ingenious apparatus is employed, by which the proper steel punches required for the piercing of each distinct card are placed in their relative situations, preparatory to the operation of piercing; and also, by its means, a card may be punched with any number of holes at one operation. Many thousands of such cards are required for each particular design. Such is the machine and its arrangements, and by it the beautiful material of which we have been writing is produced.

We have been favoured with a few notes on the dyeing processes, which may not be without interest.

Almost every fabric requires a mordant, by which the colour is fixed in the fibre; so we shall first give the mordant, and then the colouring agent.

#### FOR ALL WOOL.

Colour—GRAIN CRIMSON.	
Mordant . . . . .	Tartaric acid and nitrate of tin.
Colouring matter . . . . .	Ammoniacal cochineal.
Colour—SCARLET.	
Mordant . . . . .	Argol and nitro-muriate of tin.
Colouring matter . . . . .	Lac dye.
Colour—MOCK CRIMSON.	
Mordant . . . . .	Alum and tartar.
Colouring matter . . . . .	Japan wood or peach wood.
Colour—GREEN.	
Mordant . . . . .	Alum and tartar.
Colouring matter . . . . .	Fustic and indigo.
Colour—ROYAL BLUE.	
Mordant . . . . .	Sulphate and muriate of tin.
Colouring matter . . . . .	Prussiate of potash.

#### FOR ALL COTTON.

Colour—CRIMSON.	
Mordant . . . . .	Shumac and nitro-muriate of tin.
Colouring matter . . . . .	Peach wood.
Colour—SCARLET.	
Mordant . . . . .	Shumac and nitro-muriate of tin.
Colouring matter . . . . .	Peach wood and Quercitron bark.
Colour—ROYAL BLUE.	
Mordant . . . . .	Nitrate of iron.
Colouring matter . . . . .	Prussiate of potash; raise with tin and muriatic acid, or muriate of tin.

These are but a few examples of the dyes used in the damask manufacture; but they sufficiently explain the principles upon which the dyer proceeds to give a peculiar tincture to wool or cotton. In some

cases the threads, previously to weaving, are treated with a chemical preparation, termed a "resist;" so that, when dyed in the piece, those portions will not receive the colour which is dyed into the other portions of the cloth. The perfection of our dyeing processes is very great: to chemical science we are entirely indebted for the vast improvements effected. The dyes of a few years since are dull beside a piece from the hands of a modern dyer.

We were shown some remarkably beautiful scarlet damasks, and then a piece of a new colour, the "*Camelia*," was placed by their sides: the result was, that all those brilliant scarlets appeared brown by its side. This was one of those *Aniline* dyes, by which the celebrated "*Mauve*" has been produced. It is now found, that by varying the oxidizing agent, which is made to act upon the aniline, a different tone of colour, but every tone singularly beautiful, is the result. Accordingly, as the bichromate of potash, the peroxide of manganese, or the green manganate of potash is employed, we have colours varying in shade and intensity, but rivalling each other in beauty.

If we look to the damasks which were produced twenty years since, and those produced now, we cannot fail to be struck with the greatly improved taste exhibited by the more recent productions. In the manufactory which we have visited—that of Mr. WILLIAM BROWN, OF HALIFAX—the improved styles originated. By availing himself of the most improved machinery, he has been enabled to manufacture, with the utmost economy of production, the most superior fabrics; and being characterized by a naturally refined taste, he has admitted—except in particular cases—only the best designs to be woven upon his looms.

The tyrant, fashion, is often stronger than the power of the producer; and, consequently, it is frequently a severe struggle between the manufacturer of taste, and the public, who blindly follow the mode. With the influences of this retarding power Mr. William Brown has had to contend; and, happily, with much success has he contended. By degrees the public have been brought to admit that elegance does not consist in strongly contrasted colours, or in glaring designs. The damask maker can now produce his chaste and unobtrusive patterns, ensuring neatness, which is one of the elements of the most perfect good taste, wherever the fabric is applied. In 1851, Mr. William Brown was an exhibitor in the Crystal Palace of Hyde Park, and so much admired were his damasks, that the Great Exhibition Council Medal was awarded to him, for the excellence of his material, and the high taste of his designs. Improving upon this, the designs still produced by Mr. W. Brown are remarkable for their unobtrusive elegance.

For the American market, damasks are yet made which are rendered, by their contrast with the more elegant productions, probably more outrageous than they might otherwise appear. Colours are strongly, and certainly not harmoniously, brought into juxtaposition, and crude and unseemly—they may be showy—designs indicate a low point in the scale of cultivated taste. Whether it is in a textile fabric, in a piece of fictile ware, or in any other production, showing the effort of human thought, the charm of an elegant design cannot be questioned. Its influence on the mind is not a little remarkable—it has a peculiar humanizing tendency; and the refined power of the artist, who, by a mental effort, has produced that which is beautiful, lives in it, and is communicated to all who are brought within its atmosphere. It is as if he had, in producing the truly beautiful, breathed a portion of his own soul into the work, and as if this was constantly radiating and diffusing its holy power over all things. The manufacturer who uses the power of production placed in his hands, for the purpose of exalting that public for whom he labours, effects a lasting good.

There are, unfortunately, many men who are careless of the public improvement, being careful only of the wealth which they can accumulate; but there are happily others, who employ their manufactories in such a way, that they may be regarded as temples erected to the improvement of popular taste, and these men, amongst whom we must class Mr. William Brown, of Halifax, are worthy of the age in which they live.

ROBERT HUNT.

## "AUTUMN ON THE HUDSON."

THE PAINTING BY MR. CROPSEY.

WHEN the other day, at the end of a long garden vista, which was rejoicing in all the new-born loveliness of an English spring—in silvery forenoon, too—Art presented me with a very distinct authentic vision of an American autumn, glowing with the combined ardour of gorgeous leafage and warm afternoon light, I admired intensely the landscape painter's craft, or mystery; I admitted an elevating idea of the delightful knowledge it confers on us, which enlarges the sphere of our imagination infinitely beyond those most straitened limits to which our narrow personal experience would else confine us. It is now some nine months since we recorded in this Journal impressions of a most noble picture of an Andean landscape, painted by an American, which we trust is steadily making its way to that general admiration its rare skill and fine feeling abundantly merit. And now it is our good fortune to enjoy a view of another large and important American landscape, painted also by an American, and treating of the magnificent beauties of the northern transatlantic continent on much the same scale, and in some respects with much of the same care, as the former picture treated those of the southern. It is pleasant to find Mr. Church's "*Heart of the Andes*," so soon followed by Mr. Cropsey's "*Autumn on the Hudson*."

This latter gentleman has now for some time embowered and boudoirised himself very tastefully on the verge of our Kensington Gardens. His studio is but little beyond the end of the garden walk, alongside Kensington Gore; and on the day I walked thither, to look at his work, Nature's pictures in that garden, made on me impressions so lively and grateful, that I doubt whether it would be well to let them fade away wholly. Besides, the imagery has really a kind of antithetical affinity with that in the American artist's picture. The spring in Kensington Gardens may—may it not?—bring out the more, by the force of contrast, the autumnal splendours of the Hudson.

When first I was in those gardens this year, spring had made little conspicuous advance, except that the bright buds tipped the chestnut boughs in numbers, like flocks of golden canaries alighted there, and bent on singing the honour of the season; and but a few days afterwards they all seemed succeeded by fine large green and yellow paroquets, or love-birds. In the autumn Nature might be seen to die game in those precincts, waving her last red leaf on the highest twig, as the last hero waves his ensanguined banner before he falls, in spirit unconquered; but in April these candelabra-like branches were already all lighted again by *Vertumnus*, with buds of verdant fire; and now, in May, on proceeding along the garden-walk to the picture, every step introduces us to a new perfume, or to the sight of some favourite flower rapidly burst forth from its natal sheath during the last few days. There, in the shade once more, often greeted in former years, are the companies of purple iris, whose cool splendour the shade abates not—any more than obscure retirement of place abates a brave spirit. And there are wall-flowers by them, whose light yellow looks like chequered sunshine falling on the deeper richer hues, and whose hospitable saluting fragrance, sent beyond your nostrils into your very heart, is to one sense what the brief liquid cadence of the bird that sits in the birch above is to another, and sinks, as some poet's verse that awakes the sluggish thoughts to life, to energy, and sweetness. And in the clear sunshine beyond, the white masses of the garden oleaster are bright as the patches of snow on Alpine highlands, not yet melted by the glow and blush of the new Alpine roses. And above them hang the alight yellow tresses of the laburnum, the fairest ringlets of Dryads thus disguised and ambushed, neighbouring dark cedars, which themselves, however, are now bursting all over with stars of youngest vernal green, till the sober branches seem like age made young again—rejuvenized by filial tenderness. But, oh, beyond all predominant in loveliness, the Queen of the Month, the roseate May herself, emblemed opulently in the glorious pink *crataegus oxyacantha*, heaped and tossed in such a wild exuberant mass of garlands over her own bower of shade; the uppermost blushing branches arching most lightly against the blue

heaven, a very sportive fountain of delicious bloom; as if some skittish but utterly charming Nymph, caught by the *Vertumnus*, whom we have already mentioned, whilst straying deep in his garden, had been enchanted by his retentive love into that arboreal shape, for him to woo her at his leisure; or as if Jupiter had caught the slippery Venus herself, and so held her awhile laughingly in that lovely flowery captivity.

These are things which the cockney, we fear, habitually passes with too slight notice. Yet they are but the foreground of the picture. Behind them, along the distance, rise broad masses and towers of chestnut-trees, under a cloudless sky, themselves like huge many-folded clouds of leaves and blooms. There are huge domes of such, dispersed richly as some Caireen mosque with the pale pyramidal blossoms, in their countless numbers like lighted lamps, burning calmly in some illumination; till the wind comes, and even as it suddenly takes some elegant but rather staid young damsel in all her pride of crinoline round a seaside corner at Brighton or Folkestone, turns them almost inside out into a mass of most involved confusion of movement. The huge clouds of heaven, when crowning sublimely those loftier vistas, thrust up, as in swan's down, a mimicry of Mont Blanc, and above that, strange nodding "peaks of terror," Shreekhorns and Matter-horns, that melt into films as the soft rain suddenly comes singing to the earth, to cloud it all with cool faint shadows. Ah! then comes our English chill, which suddenly affrights the lungs of our tender and gentle ones; and to them the landscape might seem covered with funeral crape. But this lasts not, or rather, to speak more accurately, it may not last long; and the grey sheeny shrubs, arbutus, laurustine, and rhododendron, even in a few moments may all glitter forth again, like troops from some confused and dark *mêlée* issuing in ranks of brilliant victory; or, rather, like some downright laugh of love bursting forth from the eyes of the maiden of your choice even in the very darkness of some odd, shocking, intolerable misunderstanding.

But on the present occasion, we remember, it was not amiss to find a warmer shelter near at hand, in the American painter's house—a house, too, so cheerfully and tastefully adorned, not with his own works only. Mr. Cropsey has obviously fine perceptions of the more imaginative and poetical aspects of landscape nature. You find around you in his dwelling, numerous studies and small pictures touched off with light facility and spirit, of views in his own native land, and in ours, and in Italy, in which the effects are usually by no means of the commonplace prosaic order. He is especially felicitous in his skies, which are not such as men invent, but have the freedom of nature, and that strangeness of beauty and character which is rarely the result of composition. He delights in the pale fantastic vapours which mark the course of some unseen stream beneath the twilight mountains. He dwells on the rent clouds, through which the autumnal sun spreads his latest beam with a melancholy pomp, brightening one solitary height alone, in the unpierced, untrodden, American forest. He lingers on the last ruddy glow of day, and the glittering new moon, which shine with a heavenly pensiveness of sympathy over darkening Roman campagnas and ruins. In his engraved vignettes to Poe's poems, of which we here see the originals, his fancy becomes forcibly wild and weird. Yet he is not by any means ever thus sombre, but sometimes enjoys with the cows a noontide *riposo*, with much of Claude's placidity, beneath the scarlet and golden umbrage of a beaming American lake or river. Indeed, as the reader will have divined, the large picture we especially came to see, belongs to this bright and cheerful class of subjects; and to this it is now high time for us to finally address ourselves.

Let us then draw near it. At first, we are well-nigh startled at the red and golden gorgeousness of those trees of slender and perhaps somewhat wayward growth which rise on each hand, and range away in the middle distance towards the lake-like river. The afternoon sun, after a noontide siesta above soft-shading clouds, is beginning to pierce their lower edge with circling rays, and to disperse that tender dreamy shadow with which the landscape is still in some degree suffused. The cliffs of silver cloud piled about the horizon of the waters, the



more distant expanse of the waters themselves, are already broadly brilliant in this growing light. A highland promontory connected with the Catskill Mountains, (what a pity they have not a more euphonic name!) round which the noble river sweeps, is partially unfolding the obscurities of a rich undulating loveliness; and the sylvan expanse which lies nearer, as the last thin shade of noon-tide steals away, will doubtless become more glorious still in the full warm light of the coming evening. And yet the crests of that long extent of peculiarly American trees, over which we look, resembling innumerable waves of red and gold, are so brilliant in their own native hue, that we are at first tempted to fancy the sun shines with full power on them already.

From our vantage-ground in Mr. Cropsey's studio, we gaze with growing interest, and an inquiring spirit, on those dense woodland shades. We find out the solitary log-house within them; we perceive the rising wood-reared village of some young community beyond, and the smoke of the boat-building on some still further promontory. And the high-cabined steamer itself is clearly discernible, hurrying in all its pride to New York down the river, where the land breaks into sylvan sunny islets, which recall those of our British lakes. Perhaps Longfellow or Emerson themselves may be on board, or—to me an even more interesting circumstance—certain American friends, who may now be thinking of not dissimilar English beauty we saw together, years back. Finally, after these discouragements and commings, contemplation returns, and climbs the trees which rise immediately over our heads, much interested in their Transatlantic peculiarities—intent on deriving there clear knowledge of that remarkable vegetation, which also stretches away in the middle distance, like the waves of a summer sea gilded with sunset. Their stems and branches seem lighter and more freakish than ours; and the brilliancy of the colours is something wholly without a parallel with us. First there is the scarlet oak. The bird's eye maple, (which supplies us with frames for our Longhi's and Richomme's prints after Raphael, and our Willmore's and Miller's after Turner,) is vivid scarlet in its foliage also; and with this the more crimson cerise-coloured leaves of another sort of maple, from which sugar is made, form a fine variety and gradation of splendid hues amidst which sunshine must make wonderful play. The silvery flourish of a birch, more tortuous and wilful in its growth than ours, darts across them; and their most ardent hues are directly opposed by the massier boughs of the hemlock-fir, which are literally green as an emerald.

Truly the trees of America—if we may judge from this picture—have a more wayward way of their own than characterizes our vegetation of the same class. The branches take sudden turns and freaks, quite with the air of a self-sufficing individuality. It is like—may we take upon ourselves to say?—a vegetable republic, or democracy, rather than kingdom. Nature here, as 'twere, is yet in her untamed youth and wildness, "playing at will her virgin fancies," in light aspiring plumes, or sprays, that dart into the blue heaven, and then suddenly turn away again with a kind of self-willed capriciousness. These new-world woods, it here seems, are not yet, like ours, softened down to a thoughtful pensive grace, or massed solemnly in their foliage by ancient poetic and historical remembrances. No Oread ever bathed in this clear sky-like pool, beside which the sportsmen are resting, having hung up on a bough the bunch of blue jays they have shot; no Naiad ever lent hasty glimpses of her brightness amidst the turf of yon low-gathered shades: it does not yet look as if time-honoured deeds of such heroes as a civilized Muse can with unmingled repugnance clasp to her heart, had ever resounded through those emerald—those coral-tinted woods. The memories of yon trees, we think we can distinctly trace, are still, chiefly at least, of wild Indians, whose noblest feats were full of the fierce, the undisciplined. The associations that give a more subtle and delicate expression to beauty herself, having wedded her to our noblest humanity, yea, made her one with it—a most sweet and seductive plender in its behalf—are yet to come—or at least they have to be established in the course of ages; for they have commenced, and especially, as we are told, on this very spot. Most brave and

generous things, it seems, were done on the banks of this river in the War of Independence; and several of those who have laid the foundations of American literature, dwelt hereabouts in youth, and in the right filial spirit here give shape and colour, "a local habitation," to their bright keen fancies, by means of the peculiar beauties of their native land. Especially is the scene connected with the memory of one who laboured in the kindest spirit to transplant into the New World so much that was gentle, good, and refined in the Old. 'Sleepy Hollow,' the scene of one of Washington Irving's earliest fancies is near, and so is Sunnyside, his last home. Truly, after all, the spot is perfect classic ground already.

And the painter has here signalized himself by such an endeavour as that of the first of the authors we have just mentioned. The classic graces of the Old World, amongst which he has now dwelt some years, cannot weaken in his memory the early-loved attractions of his own land. It is not the Tiber or the Arno he has returned to in this larger effort, but the native Hudson; and we also thank him for thus extending our acquaintance with his country, by the only means that can convey an unequivocal idea of its aspect. He has sought to embody with precision the knowledge which is manifestly the fruit of familiar contemplation, quickened by a large share of that sense of the beautiful which alone could qualify him for the task. It is especially a sylvan scene; and it is here evident that Mr. Cropsey has meditated most assiduously and to much purpose, amongst the branches. There is something about his manner of drawing them that interests and pleases us exceedingly. Many who draw trees gracefully, yet make them altogether too lithe, relaxed, or feebly pliant in their curves: but here, in union with the drooping flowing grace, the painter forgets not the wayward sprightliness, the buoyant woody stiffness of the branches and twigs. You may sit amongst his branches by the hour, like a bird, like a blue jay, and speculate on their past history, as thus: one year, all for a space went well and smoothly with the sapling: the winds only played with it; but then followed a season of severe adversity; and *here* are traceable languor and struggling; and by and by this horizontal drooping course was stopped point blank, in all [probability, by icy blasts. But then the twig had the right heroic sap in him: see how he shot up, like a hero's plume, all the more bravely and gallantly for the rebuff; and now he consequently glitters with crowning leaves, magnificently as a fountain in a palace-court with spray, all ruby-like in sunset.

In our present Royal Academy Exhibition, the landscapes of our older and more celebrated painters do not generally indicate a satisfactory state of the Art. They are (even in Italian subjects!) astonishing cold and muddy in tone, cheerless and prosaic in feeling. It does not seem to have been sufficiently considered that in this same sober, homely, matter-of-fact style, the universal phenomena of nature's aspects, her transparency of shadows, for instance, her luminousness, the very spirit of her tones, nay, her very mode of exhibiting forms, are often as much departed from on the side of dulness, as in the prismatic caprices of fancy, they are for the sake of an insipid abstract prettiness. A common notion seems to prevail, that provided details are painted distinctly in the homeliest greens, greys, and drabs, nature is sufficiently honoured, and truth attained; whereas, in fact, there are dull and shabby deviations from truth no less flagrant than the very gaudiest aberrations. The general aspect of our exhibition is sadly too much toned down by this dowdy artificialness. The hues of clay and mud, and in portraiture those of black-lead and ironmongery, may, without any calumny at all, be said to reign supreme.

In landscape, however, below and above the line chiefly, certain of the younger painters, with wonderful diligence, strive after a purer rendering of nature wrought out with the closest individual truthfulness, and not unfrequently with very admirable results. But with this self-devotion to nature, we should rejoice to see combined more knowledge of the high traditions of Art—more respect for the old masters, of whom Turner is now, to all intents and purposes, one, and one so little remembered, that "It really seems as if he had never lived!" is a melancholy ejaculation frequent with us at our public

exhibitions. This reverence we recommend simply because it might teach our young aspirants more to respect beauty of every kind, to correct the crudeness and superfluity in their works, and to adapt their conceptions more to those requirements which, (analogous to the rules or forms of good literature), are needful to give undisturbed pleasure to the mind—an object fundamental and indispensable in all the Fine Arts.

The motto, "Exclusive love of Nature, and abhorrence of Conventionalism," has a pretty sound, and no doubt carries away many with it. Yet it often implies ignorance and presumption, and sometimes mere cant. Art is perfected by knowledge so extensive that ages are needful to collect it. The greatest man, even had he the eyes of Argus and a distinct brain behind each of them, could scarcely hope, of himself, to find all that is requisite, and so afford to dispense with the discoveries of those who illuminated the world before him. He but carries forward the fabric, the foundations of which are already laid. Phidias only improved upon the peculiar types of form already adopted. The earliest efforts of Raphael cannot be distinguished from the work of Perugino. Whole scenes in some of the earlier plays ascribed to Shakspeare are attributed by some to him, and by some to Marlowe and others. None of these great modest men thought of working entirely from their own foundations, with a scorn for the accumulated antecedents. In landscape painting, we conceive that the broad foundations have been enlarged, and many principles settled by Turner; and we should wish him to be kept more in view as an incentive to feeling, imagination, and practice; of course not imitating him servilely, but working in his spirit. New objects should ever be introduced, with more of substance, more precision of details, than are to be found in his latest works, and more colour than is to be met with in his earlier ones.

It is remarkable that in these two American pictures on which we have now commented (that of Mr. Church and that of Mr. Cropsey), there should, in an unusual degree, be an apparent recognition of such a basis for further progress. It does some honour to our Transatlantic brethren, that they should conspicuously take up the well-founded, time-sifted principles which we have been but too apt to neglect and despise, and so recall us to a sense of their value. In Mr. Cropsey's work, *also*, combined with precision and local truth, there is something, which without in the least impugning his originality, we will call Turner-esque. And by this we mean specially that the composition—the arrangement, proportion, and shape of the masses—is unusually elegant and beautiful; and that there is a refined feeling for aerial tenderness, and light, and repose throughout. The unusual variety of subjects treated by this painter,—indicating breadth of mind,—his sense of beauty, and imaginative choice of effects, induce us to look forward to his future career with much interest and expectation. And to these most favourable auguries should be added the natural lightness and vivacity of his execution, the result of a gift indispensable in rendering that freedom which is the very life and spirit of nature. To conclude, we warmly admire the particular work which has formed the occasion of these remarks. It is a beautiful and interesting addition to our knowledge of America, and of that autumn which must look like, not the solemn wasting away of the year, but its joyous crowning festival; not its decay and death—no, rather its heavenly aspiring, and rapturous apotheosis.

## OBITUARY.

SIR CHARLES BARRY, R.A.

THE brief allusion in our last number to the death of this eminent architect would be, in itself, but an unworthy recognition of his professional talents and personal excellent qualities; it is our duty, therefore, to devote a short space this month to his memory, notwithstanding our readers have, doubtless, become acquainted with the incidents of his life through other channels, especially those more particularly devoted to the record of that art in which he was so eminently distinguished.

Sir Charles Barry was born in Bridge Street,

Westminster, in May, 1795; the house, it is believed, yet stands almost opposite to the Clock Tower of the Houses of Parliament. After receiving the usual education of a boy in the early part of the present century, and evincing a strong desire for the pursuit of architecture, he was articled to the firm of Messrs. Middleton and Bailey, of Lambeth, who united the professions of surveyors, valuers, and architects; the last, however, being the least extensive part of their practice. Soon after the death of his father, who bequeathed him a little property, he left England, in 1817, for the continent, for the purpose of studying the art to which he had determined to devote himself. He was absent nearly three years and a half, and during this time visited Italy, Greece, Turkey, Egypt, Jerusalem, and Syria, his journey to the Eastern countries being undertaken at the request of a gentleman of fortune, Mr. Baillie, who had seen and admired his drawings in Italy, and offered to bear all the expenses if he would accompany him and afford him the benefit of his pencil.

Immediately on his return to England he set diligently to work to turn the results of his studies to a profitable account. It was a considerable time, however, before he had the opportunity of employing his talents; Barry, like many other professional men, knew something of the bitterness of deferred hopes. At length a design, submitted in competition, for the new church of St. Peter's, Brighton, was selected to be carried out, and henceforth his path lay tolerably plain before him. This work was followed at no very distant dates by the erection of St. Paul's Church, Manchester; Stand Church, near Manchester; the Manchester Athenæum; and King Edward the Sixth's School, Birmingham—the last especially a most elegant building. His first great work in London was the Travellers' Club, in Pall Mall; certainly, for simplicity and grace of design the most beautiful edifice of its kind in the metropolis, if not in England; we have heard architects speak of it as inferior to nothing on the continent. We recommend those who only know the front of the building to examine carefully the back, overlooking Carlton Terrace. This is, in our opinion, by far the finest elevation; it is quite worthy stepping aside from the street to look at. The Reform Club and the College of Surgeons were also erected from his designs. Most of these, if not all, were gained in competition.

But the great work on which the reputation of Sir Charles Barry will mainly rest is the New Palace of Westminster, as the Houses of Parliament are often called: here was the triumph of his genius, begun under difficulties, and carried through under obstacles which would have daunted, if not altogether paralysed, a mind less persevering and energetic than his. None but those who were brought into constant communication with the architect can form the remotest idea of the labour and worry—we can find no other word so suited to our meaning—he had to undergo during the twenty-four years devoted to the erection of this noble edifice; it is unnecessary, even had we space and time at command, to comment upon it. The outside world looks upon it "wondering when it will be finished," how much more it is to cost," and so forth, forgetting that palaces are not reared by enchantment, and that public works worthy of a great nation must cost sums commensurate with their magnitude and splendour: and notwithstanding Englishmen are constitutionally inclined to set a monetary value upon everything, we believe there are few, except the most pugnacious economist, or the most incurable democrat, who will grudge a shilling expended on the New Palace, the architectural glory of the reign of Queen Victoria. Certain it is that this edifice has given an impetus to the three sister arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture, they in all probability would never have received, but for the destructive fire which swept away the old houses.

Much has been said and written against the style of the New Palace as being inapplicable to its purpose, but Sir Charles Barry was not responsible for this: his taste would unquestionably have led him to adopt the Italian style, to which all his early studies inclined, and in which all his other structures were designed. But the "Commission" restricted competitors to the Gothic or Elizabethan, thereby depriving him, as well as others, of liberty of action.

Sir Charles did not live to see the completion of his greatest work, though little, if anything, we believe, remains to be done which cannot, and will not be effected from the designs left behind him. We may remark that the flagstaff on the Victoria Tower was permanently fixed a day or two only before his death, and it was used for the first time on the occasion of his funeral, when the union-jack waved from it half-mast high, a small black flag being suspended at the same time from the parapet of the tower on the back and front sides. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the presence of a large number of friends, and of men distinguished in politics, the arts, literature, and science, assembled to pay the last tribute of honour to his genius.

Barry was elected Associate of the Royal Academy in 1839, and Academician in 1842. When the Queen, in 1852, made her first entry to the New Palace by the Victoria Tower, her Majesty conferred on the architect the honour of knighthood. He was a Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and of the Royal Society, a member of the Royal Commission for the Exhibition of 1851, and an honorary member of the academies of Arts of Belgium, Denmark, Prussia, Rome, St. Petersburg, Sweden, and others.

Sir Charles Barry was one whose kindness of heart, liberality of feeling, and urbanity of manner, won the good esteem of all his acquaintance, and all who had intercourse with him. Those employed under him are unanimous in bearing testimony to his worth. Upwards of five hundred of the workmen engaged on the New Palace followed his remains to their last resting-place.

#### FRANCIS PHILIP STEPHANOFF

was born in 1788 at Brompton, and may be said to have inherited the love of the Arts from his parents, his mother in particular being an eminent flower-painter, and much patronized by Sir Joseph Banks. At an early period of life he evinced great taste in design and composition, and at the age of sixteen made his *début* in exhibiting a subject from the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which was much admired by Flaxman; and, after a few years, he commenced his artistic career as a painter of history, and of scenes in familiar life, and was for many years a constant exhibitor at the Royal Academy. The pictures that stamped his reputation as an artist were 'Poor Relations,' and 'The Reconciliation,' purchased by Lord Bexley, and the 'Trial of Algernon Sydney,' painted for Lord Nugent. For the annuals at that time he contributed several subjects: 'The Rivals,' 'Love, Jealousy, and Revenge,' were the most conspicuous. One of the £100 premiums, for a cartoon of 'Comus' exhibited at Westminster Hall, was awarded to him: the subject he afterwards painted for R. Currie, Esq., and he likewise received the "Heywood medal" from Manchester. Whatever his merits as an artist may have been, they were much exceeded by his kindness and generosity. He was greatly esteemed by his brother artists, and among other attainments he acquired those of a first-rate musical amateur. He died at his brother's residence, West Hanham, Gloucestershire.

#### JOHN JOSEPH GEEFS.

The death of this Belgian sculptor recently took place at Brussels. He was younger brother and pupil of William Geefs, still more distinguished than the deceased, and was born at Antwerp in 1810. In 1836 he obtained the great prize entitling the holder to study in Rome. On his return from Italy he was called to the chair of sculpture and artistic anatomy in the Academy of Belgium. Among his principal works are a statue of 'André Vésale,' in the Place des Barricades, Brussels; another of 'Beaudoin de Constantinople,' in the National Palace, Brussels; and a bronze statue of 'Thierry Maertens,' at Alost. Our cotemporary, the *Athenæum*, attributes to him the marble statue of Milton's 'Fallen Angel,' in the grand ducal palace of Weimar, and the two statues of 'Liberty of the Press' and 'Liberty of Education,' on the pedestal of the Congress Column, Brussels.

This sculptor, when young, was a student in the Paris School of Art, and obtained several medals

while there. At the great French Exhibition in 1855 he obtained "honourable mention" for the works he sent in, the principal one being the statue of 'Maertens,' just spoken of. In the sculpture room of our Royal Academy there was last year a statue entitled 'Reveil d'Amour,' by J. Geefs, whom we presume to be the sculptor recently deceased: it was not a work of high merit.

#### JAMES MATHEWS LEIGH.

This eminent artist and teacher of Art died at his residence in Newman Street, on the 20th of April. We are indebted to *The Critic* for some interesting particulars connected with his life's history. He was born in London in the year 1808, and was the son of Mr. Samuel Leigh, the well-known publisher in the Strand, whose "New Picture of London" passed through many editions. Young Leigh, having shown a greater taste for painting than for book-selling and publishing, was allowed by his father to study for the profession of an artist, and when he was about twenty years of age had the good fortune to be placed with Etty as his pupil. He was, in fact, the only pupil ever received by Etty, as we are informed by Mr. Gilchrist in his valuable life of that great master. It was in 1828, shortly after Etty was elected R.A., that young Leigh became his pupil; Etty receiving from the father a fine picture by Jordaens as the price of his instruction for a year. Mr. Leigh profited considerably from the instruction given him by Etty, not only in the practice of his art, but in forming a correct judgment of the works of others, thus assisting him to take the high position which he afterwards held as a critic and teacher. In the same year that he became Etty's pupil, Mr. Leigh exhibited three of his pictures for the first time at the Royal Academy. Two of these were portraits, the third was a composition from a Scriptural subject—"The Good Samaritan." Subsequently he exhibited several other pictures, all of which possessed merit, and bore traces of his having profited by the instruction of his master. After completing his term with Etty, Mr. Leigh made a tour on the Continent, and visited the principal Art-galleries in France, Italy, and Germany. On his return, he occupied himself for a time with literary pursuits, when his pen was frequently employed in artistic and theatrical criticisms. He also printed for private circulation "Cromwell," a drama, and "The Rhenish Album." The social talents and brilliant conversational powers of the young painter procured him a high position in many intellectual circles, but proved a check to his industry in the practice of his profession. Before long, too, the opportunity of visiting Spain occurred to him, of which he was not slow to take advantage. It must be observed that in both these tours he filled his portfolio with many beautiful sketches. Upon his return from Spain he adopted the preceptive branch of Art, which he carried on with untiring zeal and energy until within a month of his death, which was a very painful one, proceeding from cancer in the mouth.

Mr. Leigh's school was well known, and was at all times well attended. In artistic society he enjoyed the reputation of being a first-rate teacher and a profound critic in matters of Art; and many of our most promising painters have derived much from his system of tuition.

During the last twenty years Mr. Leigh exhibited none of his pictures. His eccentricity on this subject was easily comprehended by those who knew him intimately. The walls of his gallery in Newman Street, however, presented a monument of seldom-equalled industry. He was also in the habit, on each occasion of meeting his pupils, of himself making a sketch of the subject chosen for study; the subjects being for the most part from Shakspeare, Sir Walter Scott, Bulwer, and other well-known writers. All these sketches, which are executed with remarkable vigour and freedom, and sometimes even with considerable finish, have been preserved, to the extent of some hundreds in number, and will, as we understand, be offered to the public, together with his pictures, and a small collection of water-colour drawings executed by him during his travels, and on other occasions. The sale will probably have taken place before this notice appears.



## ROME, AND HER WORKS OF ART.

PART VIII.—RAFFAELLE—No. 3.



As noticed in a preceding number (p. 75, ante) a portion of the paintings by Raffaele, in the Church of S. Maria della Pace: on this page is introduced an engraving of one of the two groups before mentioned as having been painted in the same church, by Timoteo della Vite, it is said, from drawings by Raffaele, and which are justly considered to be among the most perfect of his works. If these figures, which represent the 'PROPHET DANIEL AND KING DAVID,' be compared with that of the 'Prophet Isaiah,' in the Church of St. Agostino (p. 15, ante), the inferiority of the latter will be at once manifest. The painter in the group before us, and no less in the corresponding group of the 'Prophets Jonah and Hosea,' seems to have altogether lost sight of Michel Angelo, except in a desire, it may be, to show how he could contend with him on his own ground, "and to establish in a definite manner the points in which his talent differed from that of his rival." The simplicity of composition has not been sacrificed to grandeur of design, for the two qualities appear so equally balanced that the most perfect harmony between them is felt; the ample folds of drapery fall, or flow, in graceful lines, which, numerous as they are, neither disturb the eye by irregularity, nor distress it by repetition. The figure of the Royal

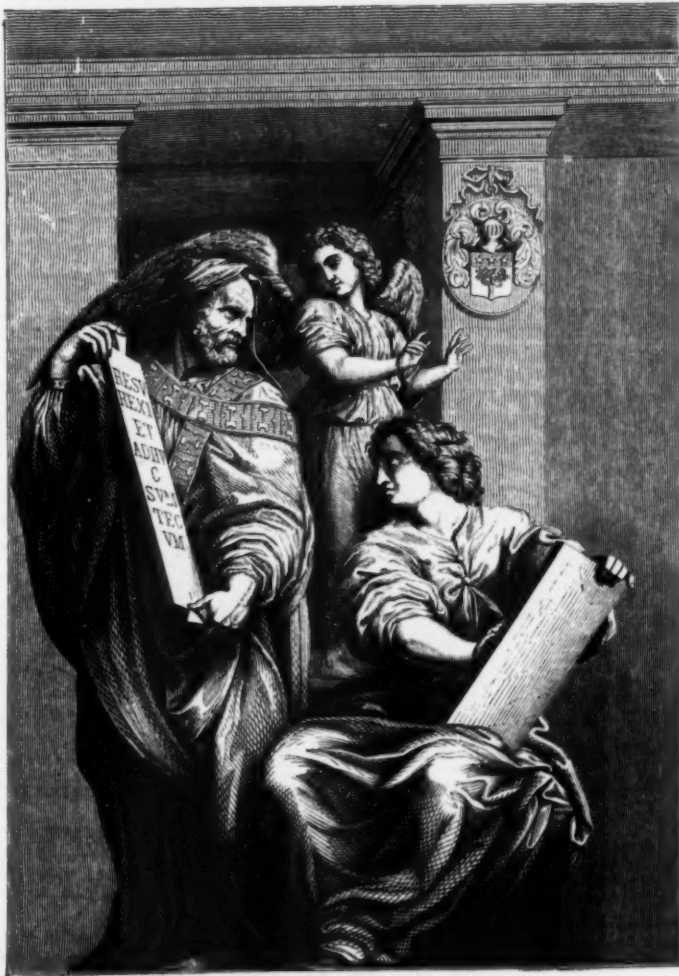
Psalmist, arrayed in priestly robes, and holding a tablet in his hands, is truly regal and majestic; that of the young prophet Daniel, who seems to be copying on his tablet what David shows to him, is the impersonation of one impressed with reverential awe at what is revealed to him. The angel, who in both compositions is placed behind the prophets, is significant of the heavenly spirit which animates the hearts of the holy men. "There are few figures in Art which bear more emphatically the character of Divine inspiration, of that noble, profound, mysterious sentiment stamped upon the writings of the prophets. They who have applied themselves to a more elaborate analysis of the fine shades by which the expressions of the personages are varied, have imagined they saw in the features of each the very diversities of their genius and of their language while on earth; and, indeed, it is the peculiarity of the works of Raffaele to appeal still more powerfully to the inward conception than to the eye." May we not enlarge upon this remark of De Quincy's, and carry it out still farther, by saying that Raffaele's works appeal with equal power to both mind and eye? For they charm the one by their beauty and grace, and they speak to the other by their indubitable veracity: whether it be Hebrew prophet, or beathen philosopher, Madonna, saint, evangelist, or apostle, or even the man Christ himself, we seem to recognise in his representation the identical personage whom history, tradition, or legend has set before us. In the companion group, that of 'Jonah and Hosea,' which is placed on the right hand side of the other, over the fresco of the 'Sybils,' the arrangement of the figures is precisely the same, allowing for difference of position; that is, the right hand figure, Hosea, is standing, while Jonah is seated, with a tablet in his hand; the angel behind them points upwards. The attitudes of the two prophets are most dignified and expressive, nothing is overcharged, nothing is there but what fills the mind with reverence, for we seem, when contemplating them, to stand actually in the presence of those holy men, to whom it was given to make known to the world the events which the future should see revealed and consummated.

The next engraving shows a portion of Arabesque ornament in the Loggia of the Vatican; another example, taken from the same celebrated work, was given on a preceding page (76); a comparison of the two affords evidence not

only of Raffaele's skill in the art of ornamentation, but of the varied and graceful manner in which his genius was exercised. The origin and history of these decorations has been thus related by De Quincy:—"At the time Raffaele was charged with the architecture and decoration of the Loggia of the Vatican, the interior of the Baths of Titus had just been discovered. It cannot be doubted but that the ornamental painting with which all the halls of this vast edifice were covered, inspired him with the idea of applying the style to the galleries, which he very possibly planned with this view, in the court of the Vatican, the disposition of which is favourable to it. Each arcade forming, in the continuous series of the porticoes, a small ceiling of its own, presents numerous spaces for arabesque. The halls of the Baths of Titus, long buried, owed the entire preservation of their paintings, when discovered, to the very cause which had created their oblivion; they were in all their original freshness and splendour, of a brilliancy of which the external air and various accidents have since deprived them. Raffaele seized the opportunity to reproduce, with more effect than any of his predecessors, the elegant details of antique forms, and the *mélange* of colours, stucco, and ingenious trifles, without falling into the extravagance into which the independence of an imitation without the limits fixed by a positive model, may so easily lead. In truth, he adapted not actually the ornaments of the Baths of Titus, as some have asserted, but merely the spirit and gust in which their chief merit consists."

One of Raffaele's pupils, Giovanni da Udine, excelled in painting flowers, fruits, and ornaments: he and his master visited together the baths, and the latter encouraged Da Udine in the plan of imitating them in the Loggia: Raffaele assigned to him, in the first instance, the task of executing the subordinate parts of the work from designs drawn by himself. The Loggia consists of thirteen arcades, sustained by pilasters covered with stucco ornaments and arabesques from the hand of Da Udine. The exquisite grace and delicacy of these decorations—in which figures, flowers, animals, mythological subjects, and architectural designs, are combined in the most fanciful and elegant manner—cannot be surpassed; they have formed the text-book, so to speak,

of all succeeding ornamentists, though, unhappily, time and wanton outrage have marred much of their beauty. "Look at those arabesques of Raffaele," writes the authority just quoted, "rising in compartments one above the other, where now the virtues, now the seasons, now the ages of life, mingle their various emblems by the learned fancies of his pencil. Here we see the symbols of the seasons, or of the elements; there the instruments of the arts and sciences; elsewhere every description of personified ideas become veritable symbolical pictures, the creation of which could only belong to the genius of an historical painter." On each cupola, or coved roof, which terminates the arcades, are painted in fresco, four subjects taken from Scripture history; they were executed, from Raffaele's designs, by his pupils, of whom Giulio Romano, Pellegrino da Modena, and Raffaellino del Colle, were the chief in these works. To describe these fifty-two frescoes *seriatim* would occupy too much of the space allotted to the papers we are writing; we can only enumerate the subjects. Forty-eight of them, filling the first twelve arcades, taken from the Old Testament, are arranged in the following order:—1. 'The Creation of the World,' executed by Raffaele himself, in order, as Lanzi asserts, to serve as a model for the rest; 2. 'The History of Adam and Eve.' 3. 'The History of Noah;' these three pictures are by Giulio Romano. 'Eve in the Fall,' in the second arcade, is said to be by Raffaele's own hand. 4. 'Abraham and Lot.' 5. 'Isaac,' both by Francesco Penni. 6. 'Jacob,' by Pellegrino da Modena. 7. 'Joseph;' 8. 'Moses,' both by Giulio Romano—one of the series of the latter



DANIEL AND DAVID.

subject appears among our present illustrations, and one from the subject of 'Isaac' was introduced into a former paper. No. 9 is a continuation of the history of Moses, painted by Raffaellino del Colle. 10. 'Joshua'; 11. 'David,' both by Perino del Vaga. 12. 'Solomon,' by Pellegrino da Modena. The last arcade contains four subjects from the New Testament: 'The Adoration of the Magi,' 'The Adoration of the Shepherds,' 'The Baptism of Christ,' and 'The Last Supper,' all by Giulio Romano; they are intended to connect the typical subjects of the Old Testament series with the establishment and triumph of the Christian church, as represented in the frescoes of the Stanze.

In rendering to Raffaele all the honour that is due to him as the great originator of these noble compositions, we ought not to lose sight of the men who so ably assisted him, by carrying out his designs. He was fortunate in meeting with artists whose talents were of so high an order that he could safely entrust the work to their hands; and it almost seems that he imparted to them no small portion of the executive power, at least, with which he was himself endowed: the mantle of his genius appears to have overshadowed them. De Quincy has both truly and beautifully commented on the influence which Raffaele had over those associated with him in his various undertakings:—"Such also was the ascendancy of his superiority, and the chain of his moral character, that they created for him, over all around, a sort of empire under which men were at once happy and proud to live. They who might have aspired to become his rivals, deemed it an honour to be merely his disciples, and all were his friends. There was also this peculiarity about his school, that the same tie of friendship united all the members among themselves. The jealousies too common among artists were here unknown. Their very rivalries of talent only aimed at the advantage of their chief. His glory was as a common property, in the promotion of which all private pretensions were absorbed. Hence the extraordinary power of the talents which Raffaele dis-

posed of, as of a family possession; hence the combination of resources of all kinds, which gave to his genius the means of multiplying itself under so many various forms."

The next engraving, 'MARINE MONSTERS,' is copied from one of the innumerable ornamental designs in the Vatican, of which the *Arabesques* are composed, and which exhibit in so remarkable a manner the inexhaustible store of the artist's fanciful genius: he caused all things to subserve his purpose, whether they were of the world of nature, or of a world that nature knows not.

We see in the *Loggie* of the Vatican, where the decorations present such an extraordinary adaptation to its architectural features, what Raffaele would have effected had his mind been given to the study and practice of architecture only, or had he combined the two professions in an equal degree. That he possessed a thorough theoretical knowledge of it is sufficiently manifest in the numerous designs he left, as well as in the accessories introduced into many of his pictures. Both in Florence and Rome there are edifices erected from his designs, so elegant in proportion, and so beautiful in detail, that nothing has surpassed, or can surpass, them. Bramante must have entertained the highest opinion of his ability when he recommended him to Leo X., as the fittest person to continue the building of St. Peter's—this was Bramante's dying wish; and the brief of the Pope, or



ARABESQUE DECORATION IN THE VATICAN: THE FINDING OF MOSES.

a copy of it, nominating Raffaele to the office, has been preserved, and is as follows:—"Besides the art of painting, in which you are universally known to excel, you were, by the architect Bramante, equally esteemed for your knowledge in that profession; so that, when dying, he justly considered that to you might be confided the construction of that temple, which by him was begun in Rome, to the Prince of the Apostles: and you have learnedly confirmed that opinion by the plan"—it is presumed that a *model*, not a *plan*, is meant here, from a letter written by Raffaele to Count Castiglione—"for that temple, requested of you. We, who have no greater desire than that the temple should be built with the greatest possible magnificence and dispatch, do appoint you superintendent of that work, with the salary of three hundred golden crowns per annum" (about £150); "out of the money laid aside for the said construction. And we order that you be paid punctually every month, or on your demand, the proportion due. We exhort you to undertake the charge of this work in such a manner, that in executing it you have due regard to your own reputation and good name, for which things the foundation must be laid in youth. Let your efforts correspond to our hopes in you, to our paternal benevolence towards you, and, lastly, to the dignity and fame of that temple, ever the greatest in the whole world, and most holy; and to our devotion for the Prince of the Apostles.

Rome, the 1st of August, the second year of our Pontificate, 1515." What St. Peter's would have been under the sole direction of the great artist, it is impossible now to say; the model or plan alluded to in the Pope's letter has disappeared, and, we believe, no portion of his design exists, except a drawing published in an old Italian work.

Following the course marked out by the arrangement of the engravings on our pages, rather than the chronological order in which the works of Raffaele were executed, we come next to the famous cartoons, of which 'THE MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT OF FISHES' is one. It might be thought that, as we are writing of what Rome now contains of Raffaele's productions, his cartoons ought not to be noticed here, inasmuch as the larger proportion of them, including that which forms the subject of the engraving, is in our country; but their importance as grand historical compositions forbids any such omission; while the fact that the tapestries, for which they served as designs, are still in Rome, is a sufficient justification for any remarks we may introduce here.

The interior of the Sistine Chapel was originally ornamented round the lower walls with paintings in imitation of tapestries. Leo X. resolved to substitute real draperies of the most costly materials, and Raffaele was commissioned to prepare designs, or cartoons, which were to be executed in the tapestry looms



of Flanders, then the most celebrated for manufactures of this description. Barnard Van Orley, assisted by Michel Coxie, both of whom were pupils of Raffaele, undertook to superintend the execution of the works in the town of Arras, whence is derived the name *Arazzi*, given by the Italians to the tapestries. The cartoons were originally eleven in number, ten of them were for the compartments into which the wall space was divided by pilasters, and one was for the space over the altar. The compartments varied in their superficial dimensions, and hence the difference seen in the size of the cartoons, which were executed in distemper by Raffaele himself, assisted by his pupil, Francesco Penni. Four of them have been lost, seven are in England. At a later period thirteen other tapestries were executed, but not altogether from Raffaele's designs.

The history of these fabrics is singular, and is thus told by Mrs. Jameson, in her "Memoirs of Early Italian Painters":—"The rich tapestries worked from the cartoons, in wool, silk, and gold, were completed at Arras, and sent to Rome in 1519. For these the pope paid to the manufacturer at Arras fifty thousand gold ducats (£25,000); "they were exhibited for the first time on St. Stephen's Day, December 26, 1519. Raffaele had the satisfaction, before he died, of seeing them hung in their places, and of witnessing the wonder and applause they excited through the whole city. Their subsequent fate was very curious and eventful. In the sack of Rome," by the Constable de Bourbon, "in 1527, they were carried away by the French soldiery, but were restored in 1553, during the reign of Pope Julius III., by the Duc de Montmorenci, all but the piece which represented the Coronation of the Virgin, which is supposed to have been burned, for the sake of the gold thread. Again, in 1798, they made part of the French spoiliations, and were actually sold to a Jew at Leghorn, who burnt one of them, for the purpose of extracting the precious metal contained in the threads. As it was found, however, to furnish very little, the proprietor judged it better to allow the others to retain their original

shape, and they were soon afterwards re-purchased from him by the agents of Pius VII., and reinstated in the galleries of the Vatican. Several sets of tapestries were worked from the cartoons: one was sent as a present to Henry VIII.,

and, after the death of Charles I., sent into Spain; another, or the same, set was exhibited in London a few years ago, and has since been sold to the King of Prussia. At present these tapestries are hung in the Museum at Berlin."

The cartoons themselves have been subjected to vicissitudes almost as strange and unfortunate as the tapestries. For a long period they "were lying in the warehouse of the weaver at Arras, neglected and forgotten. Some were torn into fragments, and parts of them exist in various collections. Seven still remained in some cellar or garret, when Rubens, just a century afterwards, mentioned their existence to Charles I., and advised him to purchase them for the use of a tapestry manufactory, which James I. had established at Mortlake. The purchase was made. They had been cut into long slips, about two feet wide, for the convenience of the workmen, and in this state they arrived in England. On Charles's death, Cromwell bought them, at the sale of the royal effects, for £300. We had very nearly lost them again in the reign of Charles II.; for Louis XIV., having intimated through his ambassador, Barillon, a wish to possess them at any price, the needy, careless Charles was on the point of yielding them, and would have done so, but for the representations of the Lord Treasurer Danby, to whom, in fact, we owe it that they were not ceded to France. They remained, however, neglected in one of the lumber rooms at Whitehall till the reign of William III., and narrowly escaped being destroyed by fire, when Whitehall was burned, in 1698. It must have been shortly afterwards that King William ordered them to be

repaired, the fragments pasted together, and stretched upon linen; and being just at that time occupied with the alterations and improvements at Hampton Court, Sir Christopher Wren had his commands to plan and erect a room expressly to receive them—the room in which they now hang."



MARINE MONSTERS.



THE MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT OF FISHES.

The subjects of the four tapestries of the cartoons which are lost are—'The Death of Stephen,' 'The Conversion of St. Paul,' 'St. Paul in Prison,' and 'The Coronation of the Virgin,' of those which are left, and in our own

country—'The Miraculous Draught of Fishes,' 'The Charge to St. Peter,'

\* A notice of these fabrics appeared in the *Art-Journal* for last year, p. 318.

'Elymas, the Sorcerer, struck Blind,' 'St. Peter and St. John Healing the Lame Man in the Temple,' 'The Death of Ananias,' 'St. Paul and St. Barnabas at Lystra,' and 'St. Paul Preaching at Athens.' None of Raffaele's works have attracted so much critical comment as these famous productions; panegyric and description have been almost exhausted in writing of them, from the time of Vasari down to our own, by critics of every country. One of the earliest English writers, Richardson, who lived in the beginning of the last century, and who must, therefore, have seen the cartoons in a far better state of preservation than that in which they appear to us, so far, at least, as regards colour, does not hesitate to place them above all the works of Raffaele, but particularly above the frescoes of the Vatican. A comparison, however, of the two classes of compositions can scarcely be made with reason, for they differ so essentially from each other; the qualities which constitute excellence in the one must not be looked for in the other, except as they are exemplified in each respectively, with regard to the character of the subject. Sacred Art, founded on fact, and historical Art, purely imaginative, cannot be subjected to exactly the same rules of criticism; the importance of the former subject requires truth, simplicity, and grandeur of treatment, everything that should tend to inspire the spectator with reverence and solemnity of feeling; in the latter, fancy is permitted a latitude which may embrace, without disparagement to the work, a variety of elements, that may, or may not, strictly belong to it.

Any attempt to give an analytical description of these famous compositions would fill many pages of our Journal, and to speak of each briefly, would be doing them scanty justice indeed. Their general character has been so truly and eloquently recorded by Hazlitt, in his "Critical Remarks on the Works of the Italian School," that we prefer adopting his remarks to using any which we could employ for such a purpose, though the quotation may be considered rather long. The subject has, in fact, been already so fully and ably discussed by Art-writers, that nothing new concerning them remains to be said. "Compared with these," Hazlitt remarks, "all other pictures look like oil and varnish; we are stopped and attracted by the colouring, the pencilling, the finishing, the instrumentalities of Art; but here the painter seems to have flung his mind upon the canvas. His thoughts, his great ideas alone prevail; there is nothing between us and the subject; we look through a frame, and see Scripture histories, and are made actual spectators in miraculous events. Not to speak of profanely, they are a sort of a revelation of the subjects of which they treat; there is an ease and freedom of manner about them, which brings preternatural characters and situations home to us with the familiarity of every-day occurrences; and while the figures fill, raise, and satisfy the mind, they seem to have cost the painter nothing. Everywhere else we see the means—here we arrive at the end, apparently without any means. There is a spirit at work in the divine creation before us; we are unconscious of any steps taken, of any progress made; we are aware only of comprehensive results—of whole masses of figures; the sense of power supercedes the appearance of effort. It is as if we had ourselves seen these persons and things at some former state of our being, and that the drawing certain lines upon coarse paper by some unknown spell brought back the entire and living

images, and made them pass before us palpable to thought, feeling, sight. Perhaps not all this is owing to genius; something of this effect may be ascribed to the simplicity of the vehicle employed in embodying the story, and something to the decaying and dilapidated state of the pictures themselves. They are the more majestic for being in ruins. We are chiefly struck with the truth of proportion, and the range of conception—all made spiritual. The corruptible has put on incorruption; and amidst the wreck of colour, and the mouldering of material beauty, nothing is left but a universe of thought, or the broad, imminent shadows of calm contemplation and majestic pains."

The influence which these compositions has had upon all the works of Christian art which have followed them is universally recognised; he invested it with a grandeur, dignity, and sacred expression combined, that was never realized before; for even the pictures of Leonardo da Vinci, his cotemporary, do not possess these attributes in so high a degree, and which it has been the aim of all the great painters who succeeded him to imitate. Comparing him,

too, with himself in his previous productions, the inventive power of Raffaele is manifested in still greater freedom than in most of his other pictures of sacred subjects, where he could scarcely carry out and perfect the customary method. Nowhere do we find so sensibly how much he was imbued with the pure biblical spirit as in these cartoons, where the few simple words of Scripture have suggested to his artistic imagination the richest pictures, which yet unmistakably correspond, in every detail, to the meaning of the text. The dramatic character of the events is expressed in the most elevated and striking manner, so much as to place the compositions in the very highest rank of dramatic painting. In none of his other works, rich as they are in figures, is the design so simplified in the single masses, nor are the characters so completely individualized, the forms so finely conceived, nor the draperies of such breadth.

In addition to the tapestries of which mention has just been made, there is another series, ten in number, for which Raffaele made the designs, the cartoons being executed by other artists; fragments only of these cartoons exist; one of them, taken from that of 'The Massacre of the Innocents,' is in our National Gallery; it has been painted over in oil, but when,

and by whom, is unknown. The subjects of all these cartoons are taken from the life of Christ; the finest of the compositions are, 'The Massacre of the Innocents,' 'The Adoration of the Magi,' 'The Nativity,' 'The Resurrection,' and 'The Ascension.'

The engraving on this page is taken from the picture called 'THE VIRGIN WITH THE CARNATION,' which is in the gallery known as the "Cammucini," a small collection formed by the late distinguished Roman artist, Baron Cammucini, and his predecessors. This painting, which takes its name from the flowers in the hands of the Madonna, is an excellent example of Raffaele's earliest style, delicate and graceful as a composition, but not entirely free from the manner of Perugino. It was painted for the Signora Maddalena degli Oddi, a religious of a convent in Perugia, and remained in the possession of this lady's family till 1636, when it was purchased from the owner by a French gentleman, and carried to France, where it remained till the baron restored it to Italy, and placed it in his own gallery.

J. DAFORNE.



THE VIRGIN WITH THE CARNATION.



# RUDIMENTS OF FLORIATED AND ORNAMENTAL DRAWING AMONG THE HINDOOS.\*

BY ALEXANDER HUNTER, M.D., &c.

WE have already shown the modes in which a few of the leading principles of geometry are abstracted, simplified, and taught practically to Hindoo children, in such a way as to be intelligible and impressive. We have also seen how correctness of form and precision of outline are early inculcated—the eye being taught to judge of distances by the relative position of dots and intersecting, or connecting, lines; how freedom and boldness of drawing are acquired by accustoming the child to draw, on a large scale, with the points of the fingers in sand. We have, moreover, shown how steadiness of the hand is inculcated by accustoming the child to draw from the shoulder, and to sprinkle in lines on the floor powdered with chalk; that the principles of colour are attempted to be combined with correct drawing, in outline, by the use of leaves and petals of flowers, or by coloured powders sprinkled on the floor, within carefully-drawn geometrical or other spaces. A large volume might be filled with illustrations of the principles and practical applications of geometrical forms among the Hindoos, and many novel, tasteful, and excellent combinations of geometrical with floriated patterns might be given, from a large series of these which has been collected, chiefly in Southern India; but at present we shall content

all through a Hindoo pattern, and it is interesting to observe how simply this important principle is inculcated and familiarized to the young. For this purpose thread is one of the materials usually employed. It is laid down on the clean floor in a



Fig. 13.

variety of simple forms, beginning with straight parallel lines, then in squares and loops, as in Fig. 11, in which the character of the thread modifies to a certain extent the forms of the parts enclosed. It

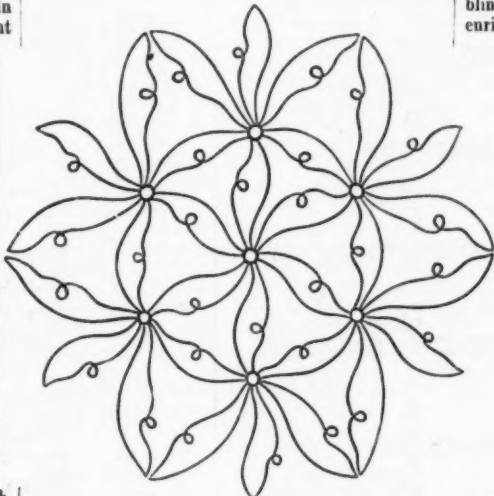


Fig. 14.

will be remarked that the dots are first arranged in three parallel lines, with three other lines crossing them at right angles, and that the spaces between the dots are all equal; if we trace the thread we

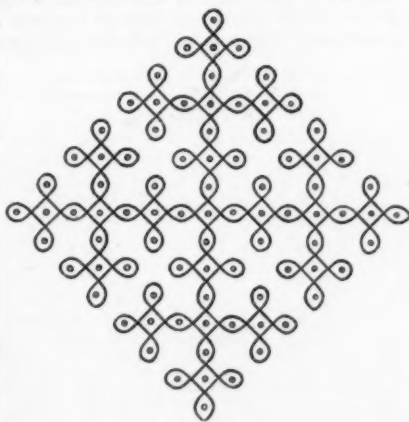


Fig. 15.

shall see how systematically it passes through the pattern, we shall afterwards find how carefully this pattern is occasionally drawn, and what use is made of the different spaces enclosed.

Advantage is sometimes taken of the thickness or stiff quality of the thread employed, to produce patterns of different kinds, and flat tape or bobbin are occasionally substituted for thread, the resulting forms produced being quite different in character. The fertility of invention possessed by the Hindoo is proved by the multitude of patterns which he can produce by laying down a plain thread on the floor. To many it may appear strange that such a material as thread should be employed for drawing, but the object is to accustom the eye and the hand to the use of a material in which many of the patterns are to be worked out; and though it entails certain peculiarities of design, still it is a material which admits of great variety and elegance of arrangement.

In Fig. 12 the pattern is commenced by making two long straight lines of thread, and then two others crossing them at right angles; dots are next laid down at regular distances, between and along the sides of each square, and the thread is arranged in an ingenious way, so as to carry the eye all through the pattern, and to take off the formality of the rectangular forms.

In Fig. 13 an elegant rosette is made out with thread of a thicker and stiffer quality than the last, ingeniously arranged in loops and points, so as to produce a very pleasing combination of forms: such a complicated pattern, however, could not be made by laying thread down loosely on the floor, it would require to be done on cloth, and attached to several of the leading points, in order to keep it steady. It will be observed that a diamond shape is introduced within each of the eight points, and ovals, resembling petals of flowers, within the loops, so as to enrich the ornamental effect.

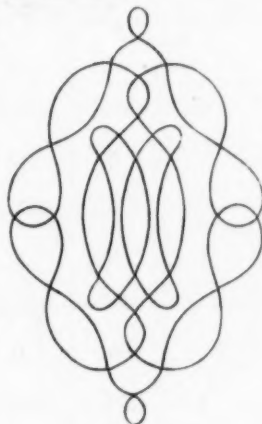


Fig. 16.

Fig. 14 is an elegant stellate pattern, where thread is used to imitate the forms of the jessamine flower.

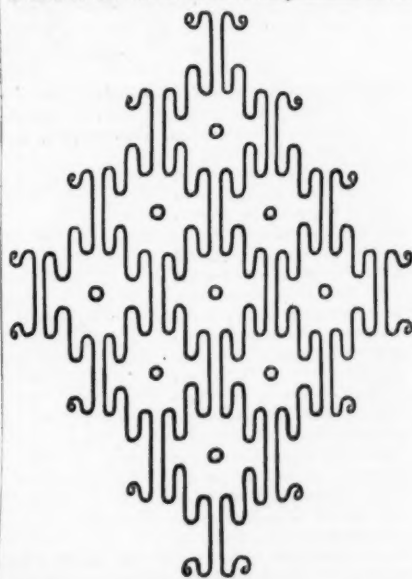


Fig. 17.

In laying down the measurements for this, the fore

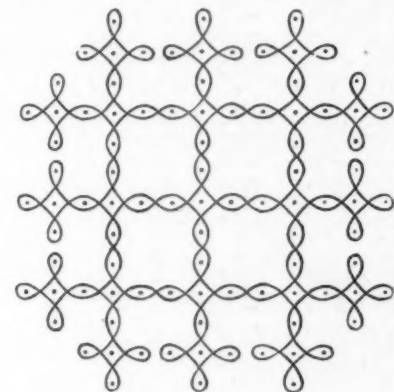


Fig. 11.

ourselves with the leading principles on which drawing is taught among the Hindoos, and point out the sources whence ideas are derived and applied to surface decoration and textile manufactures.

One leading principle that pervades Hindoo decorative art is, that the lines which compose a pattern should be of uniform thickness, and either

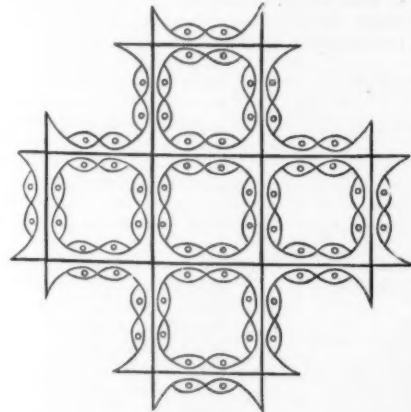


Fig. 12.

continuous, or so arranged as to convey the idea of continuity. Very frequently one line can be traced

\* Continued from page 38.

and middle fingers at their greatest stretch would be used, as compasses to mark first the centres of the flowers, next the six dots on the petals, and then the centres of the six surrounding flowers. These dots, half-way between the central points, assist the eye in determining the relative distances of the parts. In drawing a pattern of this kind, flowers would probably be laid down on the floor to be copied; and it is a very common practice among the Hindoos to pull flowers off their stalks, and also to separate leaves and petals, sorting them according to their shape, size, and colour, and then to teach children to arrange them systematically in different ways. This is a pleasing and an instructive use to make of flowers, and one that no doubt tends to educate the eye in early life to the value of colour. There is perhaps no material with which we are acquainted that approaches the delicacy of the

petal of a flower, whether we regard its colour—the brilliance or clearness of which is often assisted by its semi-transparency, its soft pliancy of texture

colour and in taste or propriety of arrangement. It is the duty then of our manufacturers to think seriously how they may repay the debt which they owe to India. There are two ways in which this

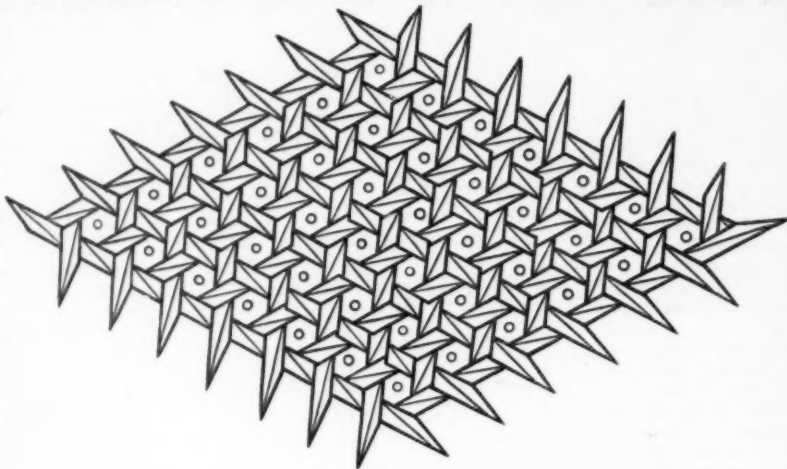


Fig. 18.

might be done: one is for them to combine, as a body, and offer to assist the natives in acquiring a knowledge of those higher and more civilizing

Fig. 15 is one of the thread patterns resembling Fig. 11, that has been carefully drawn, the spaces being filled in with colours: it will be remarked that there is a light hollow dot in the centre of each space, that the outline is drawn in red, and that the colours selected are all delicate and in harmony, warm and cold colours being arranged in alternate but interrupted rows.\* In a pattern like this, the idea for the harmony would be taken from the petals, stalks, tender shoots, green, and fading leaves of a plant.

In Fig. 16 the thread is arranged in a bold, free, loose style, but still with enough of regularity to produce a pattern; the parts would be arranged in their relative positions by first drawing on the floor two straight lines crossing each other at right angles, as guides for the central and leading curves.

Fig. 17 shows that the Hindoos have an appreciation of some of the beauties of nature, and that they can take advantage of them for useful purposes. The idea for this pattern is suggested by the play

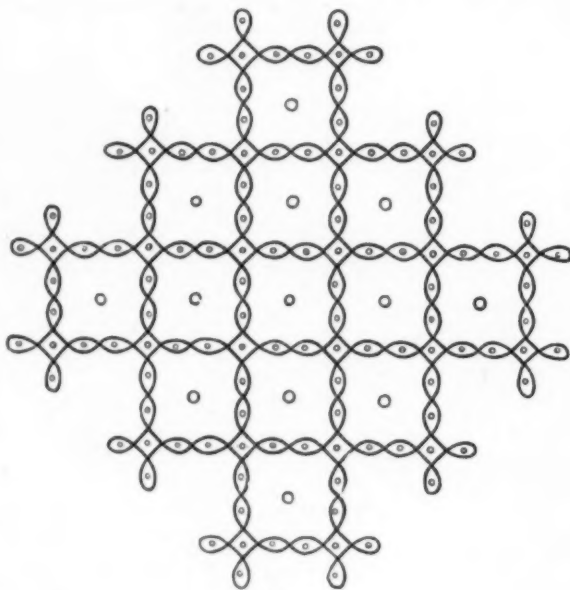


Fig. 19.

suggesting the idea of tenderness—or its pure simplicity of form, showing the perfection of inventive skill and of creative wisdom. Flowers seem as if they were sent by God to teach us useful lessons. The Hindoos and other Eastern nations can show us how to use them as models of perfection in form, colour, and arrangement of details; but here their use of them stops. Now, we have already taken many suggestions from Eastern nations regarding the applications of the forms and colours of flowers for weaving, and our shawl and carpet manufacturers are indebted to India for some of their best patterns, as well as for the soundest principles of design and colour as applicable to surface decoration; but what have they given to India for what has thus been acquired? Nothing. And yet they are daily using Hindoo, Persian, and Mahomedan patterns, which they cannot surpass, and seldom equal, in harmony of

branches of education that will raise the natives of the East to their proper level in the scale of civilization; the other method is, for individual mem-

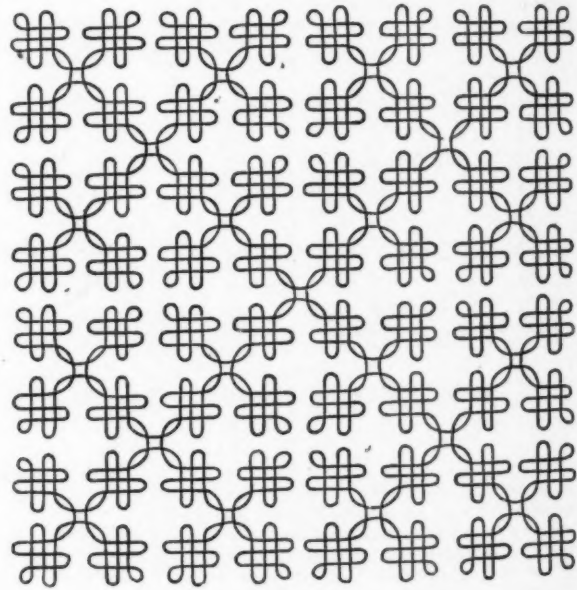


Fig. 20.

of lines and of colours on the surface of running water: the red, blue, and yellow tints, produced by the decomposition of light passing through water are well rendered, and the dot is again used to complete the pattern. The outline here is in black, to show a contrast between the colours, and not as in Fig. 14, where red is used to assist the harmony.

Another source from whence ideas for patterns are derived is coarse weaving: and in Fig. 18 we see that advantage has been taken of the forms produced by the intersecting lines of coarse string or bamboo matting; these cross in three different directions, two sets of lines producing a diamond form, while the third set cuts off the ends of each space, reducing it to an irregular hexagon; dots are next inserted in the centres of the spaces.

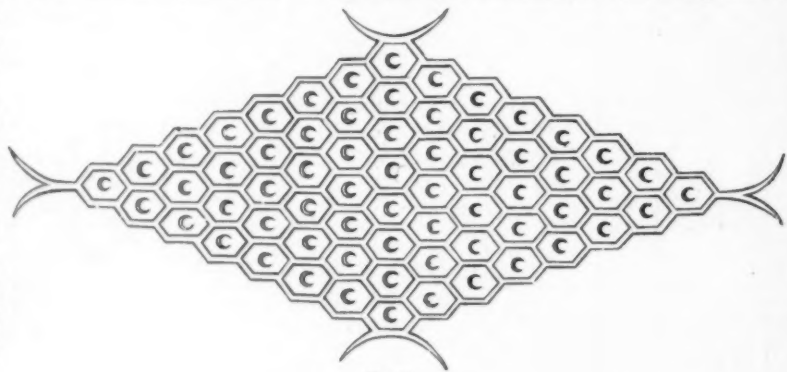


Fig. 21.

bers, who take an interest in the subject, to aid some of the societies which are attempting by their illustrated publications, to educate and improve the natives of India: but we shall return to this point hereafter.

\* In this and some other drawings furnished by Dr. Hunter, colours have been used; but, as was stated in the



Fig. 19 is a thread pattern, like Fig. 11, that has been carefully drawn on paper with a red outline; the large spaces have then been filled in with colours, while the small ovals and squares made by the intersection of the threads have been left as a kind of chain pattern, which separates the colours, and prevents them from appearing harsh or heavy. It may be remarked that the dots are of two sizes, according to the size of the spaces; and that they are all carefully drawn circles, and not heavy spots or careless blots. In many patterns they are left white, and occasionally seeds of flowers or grains of rice are laid on instead of them, to show where ornament requires point.

Fig. 20 is a curious sprig pattern, the idea for which has been suggested by thread laid down in two forms ingeniously connected and distributed over the surface. The white here serves a very important purpose, by distributing light and breaking the colours.

Fig. 21 is suggested by the scales, fins, and tail of a fish, probably the Ganoid order, which are plentiful in many of the tanks of India: here the dot is made larger, to preserve the tubercular character of the scales: the contrast between the colour of the scales and of the skin of the fish is also well shown.

We have now seen a few of the ways in which the Hindoo begins to make drawing, geometry, and the principles of colour interesting to children by associating and connecting them with simple means, that are intelligible to the dullest capacity. We have also seen how chalk, thread, coloured powders, flowers, matting, scales of fish, and running water, may all be made subservient to purposes of Art instruction. We may, probably, at a future time, show how the principles of drawing, designing of patterns, and harmonizing of colours are inculcated in India, and the beneficial effects which result from familiarising the young mind to the use of colour and form, as provided to us in flowers, fruit, and other objects.

It is acknowledged that the nations of the East have long surpassed those of Europe in the principles of design and colour, as applicable to surface ornamentation; but it does not appear to be generally known how, when, and where these principles have been acquired. It is evident that the knowledge was learnt a very long while ago, as most of the patterns now in use in India are the same as have been employed for centuries. Some of the patterns are simple and expressive enough to show where they had their origin; but it is only by associating and conversing with the natives that a thorough acquaintance with the principles upon which they design can be acquired. The originals of all the patterns here furnished have been executed by native artists, who have assured me, that much of the Art of India has deteriorated within the last few centuries, from indifferent copying, and inattention to the simple rudiments and to the pure sources from which the ideas for form and colour have been taken. It was a source of unfeigned delight to me when I found that nature, as they said, had provided them with objects worthy of imitation. By taking advantage of this, and pointing out to the natives of Southern India that there were many other beauties in nature, or in the works of creation, than those which had been perceived by their ancestors, a door was opened for future usefulness in India, which, if judiciously kept open, may be the means of conferring lasting benefits on European as well as on Eastern nations. We have still something to learn of the principles of design and colour for manufactures. The natives of Southern India are anxious to acquire a knowledge of the Fine Arts, and of their practical uses, as well as of the useful parts of our education: let us be just and generous in our dealings with them in regard to Art, and give them credit for what we have, or may hereafter acquire from them; and there is no doubt that if we give what will be appreciated by both Hindoos and Mahomedans, viz.:—

1. Fine Art education in exchange for what we have taken of manufacturing art.
2. The uses of Art education in illustrating literature, in exchange for the principles of design, colour, and of ornamental arrangement.

former paper on this subject, we could not, in woodcuts, so reproduce the designs. This explanation is, however, necessary, in order to understand the allusions made by the writer.—Ed. A. J.

3. Scientific, moral, and religious education, in exchange for what we have borrowed but have not made a return for in our manufactures.

If we offer, I say, substantial benefits like these, that would give many of the poorer classes of India means of earning a livelihood, we should be raising in the scale of civilization nations to whom we are already indebted for many of the necessities, comforts, and even the luxuries of life.

It will probably be asked, why is religious education put last in the list? This is not from a fear of offending the prejudices of the natives, or making estimate of the value of the Fine Arts and of Science as comparative means of civilization, or from any apprehension of expediency subservient to other ends; for after an experience of nearly eighteen years spent in mixing freely with Hindoos and Mahomedans, I can say that they are not afraid of associating and exchanging ideas with us, nor of talking on the subject of religion with those who are qualified to do so. But as this is not my vocation, all that I feel bound to attempt is to ask aid for the land of my birth, and to trust to God for providing the means.

### STUDY FROM THE LIFE.

Lord Haddo has, in the House of Commons, called attention to the employment of life-models in schools of Art; and he concluded his observations by moving, that grants of public money be withheld from schools in which such a course of study was established and should be continued. This is the second session in which Lord Haddo has thus adverted to life-study; and from the peculiarity of his views, it was expected that he would again this season bring the subject forward. It might have been hoped that before touching the question a second time, he would have instituted an exact inquiry into the uses and abuses of the practice. But no; Lord Haddo stands forth the voluntary martyr to one dread *xiquapa*, from which he will not be rescued; and again opens out his budget of prejudices with an endless variety of inference, pointing not only to those who practise, but to those who patronise, Art. The motion was endorsed by thirty-two *ayes*, but negatived by a hundred and forty-seven *noes*; and if his lordship's motion has astonished the world of Art, it has surprised more by so grave a result—the embodiment of a declaration that upwards of thirty members of the House of Commons are utterly ignorant of the rudimentary necessities of Art-study. The nation is now becoming possessed of pictorial property which, at the present rate of accumulation, will in value soon far surpass the collections of any other State; and it is by no means satisfactory to contemplate that in committees to which it may be expedient at any time to refer the consideration of a subject so subtle, the interests of Art might be seriously compromised. In the case of Lord Haddo and the thirty-two gentlemen who have supported him, a modicum of knowledge of the subject would be of great advantage. But this will never be an acquisition sufficiently general to help honourable members to a creditable dealing with the subject, until Art-professorships have been established at the Universities. One course of lectures would save legislators of this class from many absurdities of commission. The greatest artists of ancient times, said Lord Haddo, did not pursue such studies; and "Mr. Westmacott" had expressed an opinion that such studies were not only useless, but injurious to Art. But even if the practice were of use in an artistic point of view, that benefit could not outweigh the outrage it inflicted upon public decency, and public morals. He was of opinion that public money should not be applied to such purposes. He found that four out of twelve schools of Art had adopted the practice of employing nude female models; and if the House did not assent to the resolution he should propose, the other schools would be in a manner called upon to adopt the same practice. Such is the sum and substance of his "argument."

Lord Haddo is unfortunate in his quotation of the only living authority to which he appeals. Mr. Westmacott wrote to the *Times* in contradiction

of his assertion, publishing at the same time an apology from his lordship for having made use of his name. In reference to the branch of the profession to which Mr. Westmacott belongs, Lord Haddo is especially unhappy in his appeal in that direction, for, above all, must the sculptor have continually the life before him. Had he said, "Let there be henceforth no more sculpture; let there be henceforth no more poetic or historic painting; the means, and the end of such studies are equally subversive of morality;" his position had been definite, inasmuch that he might have been accredited as understanding the extent of his requisition. This is essentially what Lord Haddo proposes; for so unmechanical are the difficulties of design, that even a century of study from casts would not satisfy a sculptor, or a painter, without reference to nature, that he was quite accurate in his drawing. We have heard of artists who sketch and paint without models, but such men never rise beyond the condition of sketchers; and in order that their works may be in anywise valuable they must bear the impress of original genius. We know of but two or three men of our own school who could venture to issue as a picture, a figure work composed without reference to the life. Tell Maclise, Dyce, Herbert, Foley, MacDowell, Cope, and a catalogue of other men of eminence, that they are henceforward, by the will and pleasure of Lord Haddo and thirty-two members of the House of Commons, restrained from the study of any female figure demanding exactitude of proportion:—ask Mulready what he has felt of the enthusiastic ecstacy of working out his life-studies, which excel in accuracy and delicacy of manipulation those of every other living artist, foreign or British. For him the result is enough; and for the others the qualities whereby they shine, and which they have acquired solely by study of the life, suffice also.

But Lord Haddo must be prepared with special evidence in support of the position he assumes. Does he commence with the tabernacle of our Art? Whom of the Academy will he hold up as vitiated by the practice of life-study? Is there a greater lesson of profligacy in the profession of Art than in other professions? If he be prepared with proof of what he advances, he would improve his case by stating it at once; if he be not so provided, his proposition is among the most illogical that have ever been brought forward in the House. Years ago it was written of the charitable Goodenough—

"Tis well enough that Goodenough,  
Before the House should preach,  
For, sure enough, full had enough  
Were those he had to teach."

The good bishop's prelections applied indifferently to both houses, and a salutary beginning was his sermon, but unhappily the practice has not been maintained. If the few supporters of this motion be the only "unco' guid" in the House of Commons—if they are the men who stand in the porch of the temple, and thank God that they are not as other men, what a hideous analysis would the lives of the recusant hundred and forty-seven present! But not even the least of the charities commended by St. Paul does the signal minority practise. A comparison of the two sides of the question would not be without its consolations to the majority, as showing that there was yet left to them a large proportion of the extant virtues.

Of life-schools, and those who attend them, we know something, and our experience is not limited to those of our own country. Mr. Adderley, in replying to Lord Haddo, observed that a few years ago it was reported, that in the Hibernian Academy the life-school had been irregularly conducted; that young men in large numbers had been permitted to be present when the models were sitting, and that they attended not for the purpose of study, but for the indulgence of an impure curiosity; and he understood that last year the vote of money for that school was discontinued, and he hoped that the vote was not to reappear in this year's estimates. Of this irregularity we have not heard, but we concur most heartily in Mr. Adderley's wish, *if the fact be according to his statement*. This is the only instance we have ever heard of the abuse of the privileges of a school of Art. There are in Paris several public life-schools independent of all authority, save the prescriptive regulations of the students, and these are sufficient for the maintenance of

decorum, inasmuch that the slightest breach of propriety on the part of any subscriber is at once met by a unanimous vote of expulsion. Written rules for the observance of order are unnecessary, inasmuch as the students attend those schools with views much higher than is ascribed to them; their good sense is sufficient for the maintenance of propriety. There existed in St. Martin's Lane not many years ago a life-school, known to all London artists, which Etty said he attended for sixteen years without missing a night. That celebrated painter gave the tone to the school; and who is there that would venture to charge honest and excellent William Etty with indecency of thought or action? There is another school for the study of the nude and the costumed figure, which has flourished for nearly thirty years, and numbers among its supporters many of the most distinguished painters of our time. Visitors are jealously excluded; but assuredly Lord Haddo or Mr. Spooner would be admitted for once, with a view of setting them right on the subject of academical study. They would see a class of students earnest in their work, even to the exclusion of general conversation. They would there learn that the models are not the persons of the abandoned lives that have excited the pious horror of Mr. Spooner, and that the course of study is conducted with a degree of decorum of which Lord Haddo and Mr. Spooner have yet to be instructed. Persons of the class whence these gentlemen assign models to Art-schools are in nowise suitable for study, and of those who are suitable, we have only to say that, were they otherwise than of fair repute, the scandal would be sufficient to exclude them from every Art-school. They must, moreover, be extremely punctual in their engagements, and in every way well-conducted during their fulfilment. Mr. Spooner spoke very feelingly on the subject in reference to the Manchester school. If he can trace any special instances of vicious course of life arising from the habit of sitting for life study, it would improve his case into something definite to bring forward such examples.

Of the study of the figure, then, we have simply to say, that without it artistic education is impossible. Time was when defective drawing was the reproach of our school; but now our drawing is more exact than that of the French school, and as minutely accurate as that of any of the most *Raffaellish* of the German schools; and this is the valuable result of life-figure study. Lord Haddo and Mr. Spooner may influence their friends in so far as to discountenance all undraped or partially draped productions of the easel; but they cannot deprive by act of parliament painters of the primary essential of their education. Lord Palmerston said, "If the noble lord means anything, if his theory ought to be reduced to practice, his motion ought to go further than it does. He ought to bring in a bill to make it penal for any person anywhere to study the female form. The very motion he has made would at once lead us into a difficulty, because he proposes to resolve that no public money should be granted to any school of Art in which the female form wholly unclad is studied. I should like the noble lord to be more precise in his resolution, and to mention to what extent he wishes us to go—to say what is the *minimum* of clothing which consists with his notions of propriety, &c.," and these are precisely the ideas which occur to every mind that has entertained the subject.

Greek art, in its earliest efforts at the imitation of human form, is historically interesting and curious; but it becomes beautiful and precious only in relation to its successful reflex of personal proportion. If these honourable members were to succeed in fettering artistic study, they could not stop there—they must "gut" the Greek schools of the British Museum, and enter a crusade against every piece of nude sculpture in these realms. The direct response, however, to be given to this appeal is, that the study of the figure cannot be relinquished. Let Lord Haddo address the Royal Academy on the subject—let him read the lectures of Reynolds, Barry, Fuseli, Opie, Flaxman, Leslie, and fifty other sound authorities on Art, and he will there learn that the study of the life is indispensable to Art-education. Lord Haddo may from season to season bring forward his motion, he may even convert a more important minority, but he cannot succeed in his absurd crusade against life-study.

## THE TURNER GALLERY.

BACCHUS AND ARIADNE.

Engraved by C. Cousen.

TURNER's illustrations of mythological history are certainly very curious—not more so, however, than the histories themselves: it would be idle to expect nature in her ordinary manifestations, and humanity as we are accustomed to see it and read of it, from a painter who so often allowed his imagination to run riot amid the world of Fact; how much more so when it revelled in the region of Fancy? Great poets—and Turner was one—are often dwellers in a sphere above that we inhabit; it is Schiller, if we remember rightly—for it is many years since we saw the lines—who makes Jupiter address a young poet, petitioning for a spot where he might find a suitable residence, in the following words:—

"I have portioned the earth, and given it away,  
And cannot reverse the decree;  
But the heavens are mine, and the regions of day,  
And their portals are open to thee."  
—LORD F. L. GOWEN'S TRANSLATION.

Pictures must have a name, and therefore Turner called this 'Bacchus and Ariadne,' though it would puzzle the most learned classic scholar to describe the groups of figures from what is known of the fictitious histories of the principals. Ariadne is said to have been the daughter of Minos, second King of Crete; her first husband was Theseus, who left her in the island of Naxos, in the Egean Sea; she then married Bacchus: this is nearly all that ancient writers say of them—a meagre theme to serve the purpose of any painter except him whose genius, as this composition shows, adorned whatever it undertook to do, and extracted beauty from the most unpromising materials.

Not that we give to this picture unqualified praise; no unprejudiced or impartial critic could do this without imperilling his own judgment. It is one of those works concerning which Turner's enthusiastic admirers are discreetly silent, and which all who have written honestly more or less condemn: one of these latter describes it, as "a disappointed man's protest and defiance" of public opinion. It was painted in 1840, at a time when the genius of the painter had developed itself in the strangest moods and most erratic courses; as a consequence, criticism laid many heavy blows on the artist's head, grieving that one who had done such great things should condescend to that which was so truly unworthy of him.

Yet the landscape presents many features of pictorial beauty: the arrangement of the composition was a favourite one with Turner, as many of his works testify—water flowing between high banks covered with verdure, and ornamented, on one side generally, with noble architecture, the sun low down in the horizon, and casting its bright reflection to the foreground. The great fault of the picture—and a most glaring one it is—is its colour, a mass of red, yellow, white, and brown, setting nature at utter defiance, and repudiating every principle of Art. Happily, all this is concealed in the engraving; we have the artist's poetical mind, but not his strange phantasmagoria, swept off at random, as it were, from his palette. The figures, too, which in the original have little shape or feature, are, by the engraver's hand, made to appear something like those of earthly mould and form, though, as already remarked, it is next to impossible to comprehend their doings. The two principal, those of Bacchus and Ariadne, are copied, with variations, from the large picture by Titian of the same subject, in the National Gallery.

We have often had occasion to remark that much of Turner's popularity is due to the engravers of his works; the claim of the 'Bacchus and Ariadne' to public favour must rest on Mr. Cousen's clever translation. It could have been no easy task to produce form, order, and pictorial effect from such a chaos of distracting pigments. There is a soft, hazy glow of sunshine which, with the "bits" of classic architecture, carries the mind into a region of romantic beauty and calmness, and which, were the figures of a different order of mortals, or immortals, would not be considered as contrary to nature.

The picture is rather small, about two feet six inches in diameter: it is at Kensington.

## THE FINE ARTS IN CANADA.

AN active movement has been made in Canada to establish in that populous and important colony an institution for the promotion of the Fine Arts. The necessity of such a society has long been felt by the colonists, for the progress of the country in wealth and political power has had the effect of directing the minds of the people towards Art as an evidence of their improved social position, and as a means of increasing those engagements which result from a high state of civilization. It was only right, then, that some efforts should be made for the purpose of organizing an institution which would have the effect of cultivating taste, and gratifying those who desire that the Arts and sciences should be recognised among them.

To carry out the project a large and influential meeting was held at Montreal on January 25th, when the following resolutions, framed by a committee appointed at a previous meeting, were agreed to unanimously:—

"That after a careful consideration of the subject, the Committee are encouraged to believe that there is sufficient appreciation of its benefits to warrant the formation of such an Association."

"That, in carrying out the organization of the Association, they would propose that it be called 'The Art Association of Montreal,' and that it have for its objects:—

"1st. The establishment of an Annual Exhibition of Works of Art."

"2nd. The promotion of sound judgment in Art, by means of lectures, conversations, &c."

"3rd. The establishment of a Library and Reading-room, devoted to publications on the subject of Art."

"4th. The establishment of a Gallery of Sculpture, including casts, &c."

"5th. The formation of a permanent Gallery of Paintings."

"6th. The foundation of a School of Art and Design."

"They would recommend to the meeting also that a committee be appointed to canvass the city for the purpose of obtaining a list of subscribers to the Association upon the basis of the above suggestions, as upon the amount of support afforded to it by the public the extent and nature of its operations must be dependent; and that a meeting of such subscribers be called at the earliest date practicable to organize the Association and carry out its objects."

In moving that the Report of the Committee be received and adopted, the Rev. Canon Leach, LL.D., made the following judicious observations:—"One of the advantages that may be expected from the contemplated Association, is the direct assistance which it will furnish to the artist. The young artist, in particular, cannot be expected to make any successful progress unless he can study superior models that exemplify the principles of his art. At present there are none here that are generally accessible; but if the Association succeeds in its designs, he may have access at least to good copies of many of the great original productions of Art; and they must be of very great use, both in the improvement of his taste and by affording him loftier conceptions of the extent and grandeur of the art to which his powers are devoted. If we only give satisfactory proof of our determination to help ourselves, there is little doubt but that we shall receive assistance from abroad. Who can say that the Prince Consort of England, and perhaps the Emperor of France, may not spare us some superfluous copy of one or other of the great masters, if our case be fairly represented to them. These, of course, would be infinitely valuable to us. Another advantage of the Association will probably be to awaken some little enthusiasm as to the Fine Arts. It must be a painful and disheartening thing to the artist to find his productions unappreciated, to find that nobody cares for his toil, nor is disposed to reward his successful efforts. But I firmly believe that if the artists do their duty, and the Association does its duty, there will soon be no cause to complain of the public apathy in regard to the Fine Arts."

We hail this movement with much gratification, and trust that it will prove the foundation of an institution both permanent and honourable—as it will then be useful—to the colony.





J. M. W. TURNER R.A. PINXT.

C. COUSEN. SCULPT.

BACCHUS AND ARIADNE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

LONDON. JAMES S. VIRTUE.

4 JY60



## THE HUDSON, FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

### PART VI.

He resume the narrative abruptly broken off in the last paper (*vide* p. 148). The heroic Lady Ackland had listened to the thunder of the battle in which her husband was engaged, and when, on the morning of the 8th, the British fell back in confusion toward Wilbur's Basin, she, with the other women, was obliged to take refuge among the dead and dying, for the tents were all struck, and hardly a shed was left standing. Then she was informed that her husband was wounded and a prisoner. She instantly sought the advice of her friend, the Baroness Reidesel, and resolved to visit the American camp, and implore the privilege of a personal attendance upon her husband. She sent a message by Lord Petersham to Burgoyne, asking his permission to depart. The general was astonished that, after all she had endured from exposure to cold, hunger, and heavy rain, she should be capable of such an undertaking. "The assistance I was enabled to give," he said, "was small indeed. I had not even a cup of wine to offer her; but I was told she had found, from some kind and fortunate hand, a little rum and dirty water. All I could furnish to her was an open boat, and a few lines written upon dirty wet paper, to General Gates, recommending her to his protection."\*

Lady Harriet set out in an open boat on the Hudson, accompanied by Chaplain Brudenell, her waiting-maid, and her husband's valet, who had been severely wounded while searching for his master on the battle-field. They started at sunset, in the midst of a violent storm of wind and rain. It was long after dark when they reached the American outposts, and there they were detained, in a comfortable position, until orders should be received from headquarters. Early in the morning she received the joyful tidings that her husband was safe. At the same time she was treated with paternal kindness by General Gates, who sent her to her husband at Neilson's house, under a suitable escort. She found him suffering, but well taken care of, in the portion of the house occupied as quarters by General Poor, and there she



ROOM OCCUPIED BY MAJOR ACKLAND.

remained until Major Ackland was removed to Albany, and finally to New York.†

From the house of Mr. Neilson, whose descendants now occupy it, a fine view of the surrounding country may be obtained. On the north and west, beginning at its very doors, lies the entire battle-ground of the 19th of September; and bounding the horizon in the distance beyond, are the Luzerne Mountains, through which flow the waters of the Upper Hudson. On the east rise Willard's Mountain, the heights of Bennington, the Green Mountains, and the famous Mount Tom; and stretching away in the blue distances towards Albany, are seen the gentle hills and beautiful valley of the Hudson. And there the visitor may see many relics from the battle-field, turned up by the plough, such as cannon-balls, bullets, Indian tomahawks and knives, rusty musket barrels, bayonets, halberds, military buttons, pieces of money, &c.

At the foot of Bemis's Heights, where the old tavern of Bemis—famous for good wines and long pipes, a spacious ball-room and a rich larder—once stood, a pleasant hamlet has grown up: it is one of the numerous offsprings of the canal. Two miles below it, at the head of long rapids, is Stillwater, the most pleasing in situation and appearance of all the villages in the valley of the Upper Hudson. It is otherwise remarkable only for a long, gloomy, and

\* The following is a copy of Burgoyne's note to Gates:—

Sir,—Lady Harriet Ackland, a lady of the first distinction of family, rank, and personal virtues, is under such concern on account of Major Ackland, her husband, wounded and a prisoner in your hands, that I cannot refuse her request to commit her to your protection. Whatever general impropriety there may be in persons of my situation and yours to solicit favours, I cannot see the uncommon perseverance in every female grace and exaltation of character of this lady, and her very hard fortune, without testifying that your attention to her will lay me under obligations.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. BURGOTNE.

This note is preserved among Gates's manuscript papers, in the collection of the New York Historical Society.

† Major Ackland died in November, 1778. On her return to England, a portrait of Lady Harriet, standing in a boat, with a white handkerchief in her hand as a flag of truce, was exhibited at the Royal Academy (London), from which a plate was afterwards engraved. The person of her ladyship was spoken of as "highly graceful and delicate," and her manners "elegantly feminine."

unsightly covered toll-bridge, which, resting upon several huge piers, spans the Hudson; and also as the head-quarters of the republican army, for a short time, in the summer of 1777, after they had retreated down the valley before victorious Burgoyne. The house of Derrick Swart, where General Schuyler had his quarters at that time, is yet standing in the upper part of the valley, and awakens in the mind of the historical student recollections of a scene that occurred there at a most gloomy period of the campaign. The army, wretchedly furnished and daily diminishing, had retreated before an exultant foe; food, clothing, and artillery, were all wanting. The pecuniary resources and public credit of the continental congress were failing, and all the future seemed dark. At that moment intelligence came that Colonel St. Leger, who had been sent up the St. Lawrence by Burgoyne, with instructions to cross Ontario to Oswego, penetrate the Mohawk valley from that point, form an alliance with the Tories and Indians, and press forward to Albany with destructive energy, had actually appeared before Fort Schuyler, where the village of Rome now stands. The people of the Mohawk valley were wild with consternation, and sent swift



RELICS FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD.

messengers to General Schuyler imploring immediate assistance. The prudent foresight and far-reaching humanity of that officer at once dictated his course. He called a council of officers at his quarters, and proposed sending a detachment immediately to the relief of Fort Schuyler. They opposed him with the argument that his whole force was insufficient to stay the progress of Burgoyne. Schuyler persisted in his opinion, and earnestly besought them to second his views. His political enemies had already sown the seeds of distrust concerning his intentions; and as he was pacing the floor in anxious solicitude, he heard from one of his subordinate officers, the half-whispered remark, "He means to weaken the army." Never was a thought more unjust and ungenerous! Wheeling suddenly toward the slanderer and those around him, and unconsciously biting into several pieces a pipe that he was smoking, Schuyler indignantly exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I shall take the responsibility upon myself; where is the brigadier that will take command of the relief? I shall beat up for volunteers to-morrow."

The brave and impulsive Arnold, who afterwards became a traitor, at once stepped forward. The next morning, when the drum beat for volunteers, no



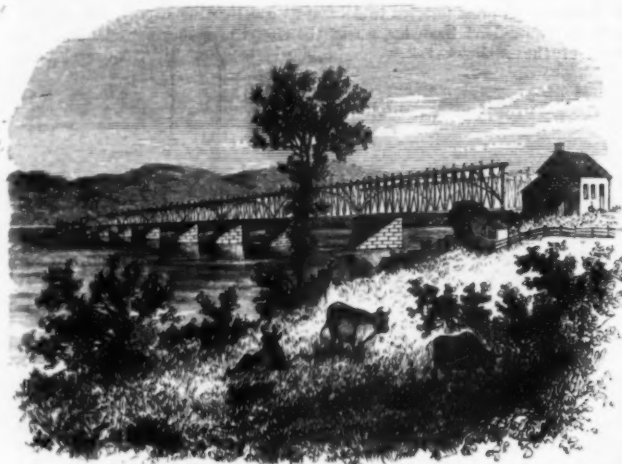
DERRICK SWART'S HOUSE AT STILLWATER.

less than eight hundred strong men offered their services. They were enrolled; Fort Schuyler was saved, and the forces of St. Leger scattered to the winds. In after years the recollection of those burning words of calumny always stirred the spirit of the veteran patriot with violent emotions; for if ever a bosom glowed with true devotion to his country, it was that of Philip Schuyler.

From Stillwater to Troy, at the head of free sloop navigation, a distance of about sixteen miles, the Hudson flows in a rapid stream, sometimes turbulent, but generally with a placid current. The valley, maintaining the same average width and general aspect, becomes richer in numerous farm-houses and more careful cultivation as we approach the cluster of large towns whose church spires may be seen soon after leaving Mechanicsville and Half-Moon, two pleasant little villages on the west bank of the Hudson. These are in the township of Half-Moon, so called in memory of Hendrick Hudson's famous yacht, in which he discovered the river that bears his name. They are a short distance below Stillwater. The Champlain Canal and the Rensselaer and Saratoga

Railway pass through them. On the site of the latter village stood "ye fort of ye Half-Moon, about ye house and barne of Harm<sup>e</sup> Lievese"—a stockade for defence against the Indians. It was removed in the year 1689.

The summer drive upon the public road in this part of the valley is delightful. The plain and slopes have the appearance of a garden; while the hills on both sides present sweet pictures of mingled forest and cultivated fields, enlivened by small flocks and herds, and dotted with the homes of a thrifty people. But the river appears solitary. Not a boat may be seen upon it, until Waterford is passed, for the current is too swift for navigation. "The water in the river here," wrote Kalm, the Swedish naturalist and traveller, in his journal, more than one hundred years ago, "was very clear, and generally shallow, being only from two to four feet deep, running very violently against us in most places."



VIADUCT OF THE VERMONT CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Between Mechanicsville and Waterford, near the junction of two railways, the viaduct of the Vermont Central Railroad, twelve hundred feet in length, stretches across the Hudson. It is constructed of square timber, and rests upon heavy stone piers, besides the shore abutments. From that point to Waterford, the river views from the highway are very picturesque; and when within half a mile of that large village upon Half-Moon Point, at a bend in the stream, the traveller obtains a sight of Waterford and Lansingburgh, on opposite sides of the river, with the covered toll-bridge that connects them. The church spires of Troy are also seen; and in dim blue outline, in the extreme southern horizon, appear the higher spurs of the Catskills, or Catskill Mountains.

Waterford is a very pleasant town, of little more than three thousand inhabitants, situated at the confluence of the Mohawk and Hudson rivers. It stands upon the level bank of the Hudson. Most of its streets are fringed with



WATERFORD AND LANSINGBURGH BRIDGE.

the maple and elm, the favourite shade trees in the northern and eastern villages and cities of the United States. It is a young town, compared with Lansingburgh, its still more pleasant neighbour across the river, which was dignified with the title of New City as early as 1788, when its now stately rival, Troy, could not boast of half-a-dozen houses, and was known only as Vanderheyden, or Ashley's Ferry. It has outstripped that older town in population, and equals it in enterprise. Between them the current of the Hudson is strong, yet vessels laden with merchandise ascend to the wharves of each, with the aid of small steam-tugs, which tow them from the draw of the great bridge at Troy, two miles below.

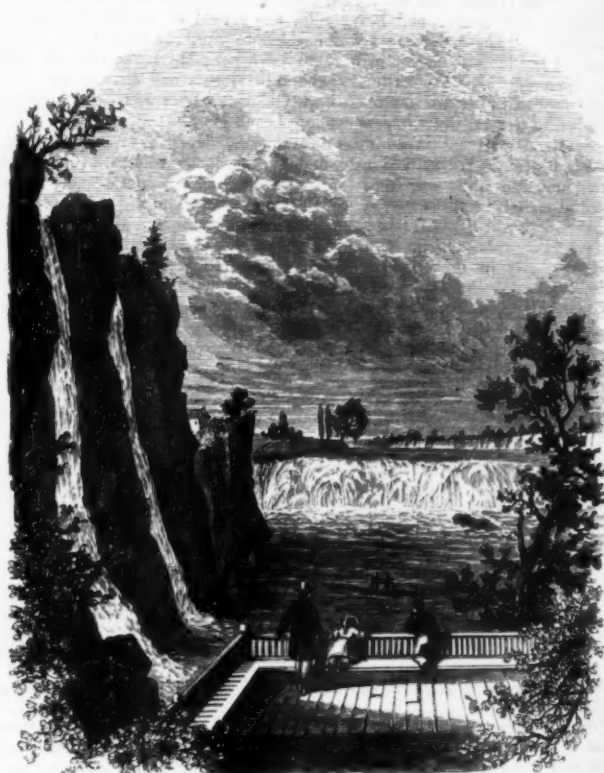
At Waterford the ear catches the subdued roar of Cohoes Falls\* in the Mohawk river, three-fourths of a mile distant. That stream is the largest

\* Coh-koos, an Iroquois word, according to Brant, the great Mohawk chief, signifying a canoe falling.

tributary of the Hudson. It flows eastward, with a rapid current most of the way, from Oneida County, in the interior of the State of New York, through one of the richest agricultural regions in the world, for about one hundred and thirty-five miles, and enters the Hudson in four channels, formed by three islands, named respectively, Van Hoven's, Van Schaick's, or Cohoes, and Green or Tibbett's Islands. Van Schaick's alone, which is almost inaccessible at many points, because of its high rocky shores, has escaped the transforming hand of improvement. There, in the summer of 1777, General Schuyler cast up some fortifications, with the determination to dispute with Burgoyne the passage of the Mohawk. Faint traces of those intrenchments may yet be seen; and, in the spring of 1860, a large zinc cartridge-box was found in that vicinity, supposed to have been left when General Schnyder moved northward. The banks of Van Schaick's are steep, a forest of evergreens clothes a large portion of its surface, and only a solitary barn indicates its cognizance by man.

Green Island, the larger of the three, stretches along the upper part of Troy, and is a theatre of industry for a busy population, engaged chiefly in manufactures, or in employments connected with railways. There is the immense establishment of Messrs. Eaton, Gilbert, & Co., the most extensive manufacturers of railway carriages, omnibuses, and stage coaches in the United States, if not in the world.

The scenery about the mouth of the Mohawk, particularly in the vicinity of Cohoes Falls, is exceedingly picturesque, and at some points really grand. A highway bridge, nine hundred feet in length, and a railway viaduct



VIEW AT COHOES FALLS.

still longer, cross the river over the rapids a short distance below the falls. From the former, a fine distant view of the cataract and the rapids below may be obtained; but the best places to observe them in all their beauty and grandeur, are at and near the Cataract House, in the village of Cohoes, which stands upon the summit verge of a precipice one hundred and seventy feet in height. Down a steep slope of that precipice, for about fifty feet, the proprietor has constructed a flight of steps; and upon the top of a broad terrace at their foot he has planted a flower garden, for the enjoyment of visitors. Around its edge, from which may be obtained a view of the entire cataract, is a railing with seats; and there the visitor may contemplate at ease the wild scene on every hand. On his left, as he gazes up the river, rush large streams of water from the top of the precipice above him, in almost perpendicular currents, from the waste-slides of a canal, which, commencing at a dam almost two miles above the falls, conveys water to numerous mill-wheels in the village. By this means immense hydraulic power is obtained and distributed.\*

The width of the grand cataract of Cohoes is nine hundred feet, and the fall seventy-eight feet, of which about forty are perpendicular. Below the fall, the water rushes over a rocky bed, in foaming rapids, between high banks, to the plain, where the islands divide it into channels, and through these it flows gently into the Hudson. It was a beautiful afternoon in early spring when we visited the falls. The water was abundant, for the snow upon the hills that border the charming valley of the Mohawk was rapidly melting, and filled the

\* The water-power at Cohoes is under the control of a stock company, who rent it to the proprietors of mills and factories. The entire fall of water controlled by the company is one hundred and twenty feet; and the minimum supply of water is one thousand cubic feet each second. The estimated value of the various articles manufactured there at this time, is nearly three millions of dollars per annum.



river to the brim. We never saw the cataract in more attractive form, and left it with reluctance when the declining sun admonished us to ride back to Waterford, for we intended to cross the long bridge there, pass through Lansingburgh, and lodge that night in Troy. It was just at sunset when we crossed the bridge and entered the beautiful avenue which leads through Lansingburgh, into the heart of Troy. Through the village it is shaded with stately elms; and along the whole distance of two miles between that "New City" of the past and modern Troas, it follows the bank of the river in a straight line, and affords a most delightful drive in summer.

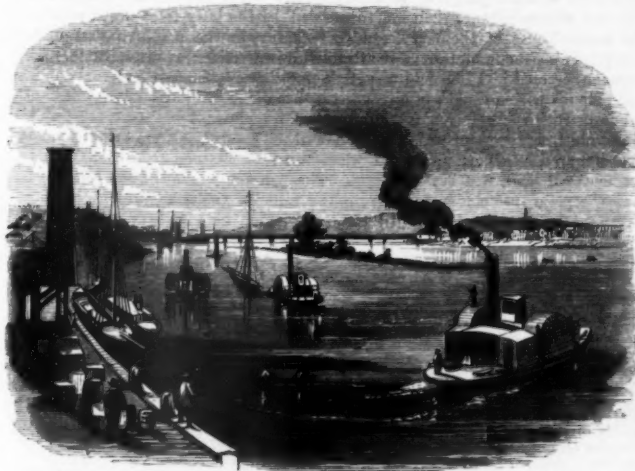
In the upper suburb of Troy we came to a mass of rock rising a few yards from the avenue to the height of fifty or sixty feet, with a tall crooked sapling shooting up from its summit, which had been placed there for a flagstaff. The classical taste which gave the name of the city built where the dappled heifer of Ilus lay down to this modern town, when it was little more than a hamlet, and which dignified the irregular hill that overlooks it with the title of Mount Ida (called Ida Hill by the inhabitants), named this rocky peak Mount Olympus. We saw nothing upon its "awful summit" to remind us of the Thessalian dwelling-place of the gods; and the apparition nearest to that of "Olympian Jove" (whom the artists portrayed in human form) that we saw in the fading twilight, was a ragged boy, with a cigar in his mouth, vainly endeavouring to climb the sapling.

The peak of Olympus was once much higher. It has been carried away from time to time to furnish materials for docks, and in strengthening the dam,



LOCK AT STATE DAM, TROY.

twelve hundred feet in length, which the State built across the Hudson at this point to furnish a feeder to the Champlain Canal. The water at the dam has a fall of about twelve feet; and at the east end is a heavy lock, constructed of hewn stone, through which sloops and other vessels are taken into the river above, and towed by steam-tugs, as we have observed, up to Lansingburgh and Waterford. Just above the dam, and near Waterford, there is a communication between the canal and the river, and many loaded boats from the former there enter the latter, pass through the lock, and are towed, some to Troy and Albany, and others to New York. The dam also furnishes water power to a number of mills on the Troy shore below it, into which grain is taken from vessels lying at the docks, by means of "elevators" worked by the water wheels. These form a striking feature in the scene below the dam.



RENSSELAER AND SARATOGA RAILWAY BRIDGE.

From the lock may be obtained an excellent view of the river below, with the last of the bridges that span the Hudson; glimpses of Troy, and Watervliet or West Troy opposite; and the Katzbergs, thirty miles distant. The bridge is sixteen hundred feet in length, and connects Green Island with the main, having a draw at the eastern end for vessels to pass through. It is used as a public highway in crossing the river, and also as a viaduct of the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railway. It is built of timber, is closely covered, and rests upon heavy stone piers. It crosses where formerly lay a group of beautiful little islands, when Troy was in its infancy. They have almost disappeared, except the larger one, which is bisected by the bridge. Among these islands shad and

sturgeon, fish that abound in every part of the river below, were caught in large quantities; but they are seldom seen there now.

Troy, the capital of Rensselaer County, is six miles above Albany, at the head of tide-water, one hundred and fifty-one miles from the city of New York. It is a port of entry, and its commerce is very extensive for an inland town. It is seated upon a plain between the foot of Mount Ida and the river. It has crept up that hill in some places, but very cautiously, because the earth is unstable, and serious avalanches have from time to time occurred. Its site was originally known as Ferry Hook, then Ashley's Ferry,\* and finally Vanderheyden, the name of the first proprietor of the soil on which Troy stands, after it was conveyed in fee from the Patroon of Rensselaerwyck, in the year 1720. After the Revolution the spot attracted some attention as an eligible village site. Town lots were laid out there in the summer of 1787; and two years afterward the freeholders of the embryo city, at a meeting in Albany, resolved that "in future it should be called and known by the name of Troy." At the same time, with the prescience of observing men, they said—"It may not be too sanguine to expect, at no very distant period, to see Troy as famous for her trade and navigation as many of our first towns." It was incorporated a village in 1801, and a city in 1816.

From the beginning Troy was a rival of Lansingburgh. It was settled chiefly by enterprising New England people. They perceived the advantages of their location at the head of tide-water and sloop navigation, between two fine streams (Poesten Kill and Wynant's Kill) that flow in wild cascades from Mount Ida and its connections, affording extensive water power. After a hard struggle, Troy was made the county-seat, and the court-house was erected there; and from that time the growth of Lansingburgh was slow, whilst Troy increased with wonderful rapidity. The former has now 6,000 inhabitants, the latter almost 50,000. It has always been conspicuous for well-directed and associated public spirit, and its institutions of learning are among the best in the land. The most noted of these are the Rensselaer Institute, founded and endowed by the late Stephen Van Rensselaer of the Manor; the Troy Female Seminary; and the Troy University. The latter was established under the auspices of the Methodist denomination, but the funds for the building were liberally subscribed by men of various sects. It stands upon Mount Ida, and is the most conspicuous object in a view of the city seen from any point. In its immediate vicinity are



VIEW OF TROY FROM MOUNT IDA.

beautiful residences, which command extensive and interesting pictures of town and country. In their chaste and modest style of architecture, they present striking contrasts to the more meretricious "Byzantine style" of the University.

Opposite Troy is the bustling village of West Troy (formerly Watervliet), with a population of about nine thousand. At the south end of the village, and occupying a front of a quarter of a mile along the west bank of the Hudson, is the United States Military establishment called the Watervliet Arsenal. It is one of the largest of the six principal establishments belonging to the United States, where, under the direction of the Ordnance Department, are manufactured the arms and munitions of war required for the use of the army and the militia. About twelve acres of land were purchased at that point by the United States, in 1813, for arsenal purposes, and the group of buildings seen in the sketch was erected. The grounds at present comprise about one hundred acres, part covered with necessary buildings and a parade, and the remainder under cultivation. About two hundred yards west of the highway, the Erie Canal passes through the grounds, and is spanned by a picturesque iron bridge

\* Stephen Ashley kept the first tavern at the ferry, in the farm-house of Matthias Vanderheyden, on the south-east corner of River and Division Streets. It is the oldest house in Troy, having been built as early as 1752. On the front of the house, between the two windows on the left, is a brick, on which is cut "G V H. A.D. 1752." The initials stand for Derick (Richard) Vanderheyden. The D is reversed. Between the second window on the left, and the door, is another brick inscribed "M V H. 1752." These are the initials of Matthias Vanderheyden. South of the window on the right, and a little above it, is another brick inscribed "J V H. 1752." These are the initials of Jacob Vanderheyden. Matthias occupied this, and the other two built houses elsewhere on the plot. Ashley afterward kept an inn at the corner of River and Ferry Streets. On his sign was a portrait of Washington, and the words "Why here's Ashley's."



VANDERHEYDEN HOUSE.

near the officers' quarters. Along the river front is a double row of stately elm trees, whose branches form a leafy arch over the highway in summer. From these the green-sward bank slopes gently toward the river, and affords a delightful promenade on summer afternoons.\*

The highway along the plain from West Albany is a fine macadamized road, with the Erie Canal, the Hudson, and the amphitheatre of the Greenbush heights on the left. The hills on the right are near, and pleasant mansions and fertile acres are seen on every side. There is a house a mile and a-half below the arsenal, scarcely visible from the road because of trees and shrubbery which conceal it; and, when seen, it would not attract special attention, except



UNITED STATES ARSENAL AT WATERVLIET.

for the extreme plainness and antiquated style of its architecture. A pleasant lane leads to it from the canal, and the margin of the sloping lawn on its river front, over which stately elms cast their shadows, is swept by the Hudson's tide. It is famous in colonial history as the residence of Colonel Peter Schuyler, of the Flats, the first Mayor of Albany, and who, as Indian Commissioner, in after years took four kings or sachems, of the Mohawks, to England, and presented them at the court of Queen Anne. After his death, his son Philip, the well-beloved of the Mohawks, who married his sweet cousin Katrina—the "Aunt Schuyler" immortalized by Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, in her charming pictures of "Albany Society a Hundred Years Ago"—resided there, and with



SCHUYLER HOUSE AT THE FLATS.

ample resources dispensed hospitality with a bounteous hand. And yet this is not the identical house in which the mayor lived, and his son Philip entertained

\* I am indebted to the courtesy of Lieutenant George T. Balch, now stationed there, for the following facts:—"As the necessity for greater manufacturing facilities arose, additional lands were purchased, and extensive shops, storehouses, timber-sheds, magazines, barracks and quarters, were erected from time to time, until at the present, the real estate and the improvements are valued at 500,000 dollars, and the military stores and supplies collected, in the various buildings, at 1,500,000. The principal operations carried on are the manufacture of heavy artillery carriages for the sea-coast forts, with all the requisite implements and equipments; carriages for siege trains and field batteries, with their equipments and harness; all machines used in transporting and repairing artillery; ammunition of all kinds for sea-coast, siege, and field guns, and for small arms, and the repair and preservation of the large quantity of material of war in store. The shops comprise all requisite facilities for the various mechanics employed, as well as a conveniently arranged and roomy laboratory. The motive power is water, furnished by the Erie Canal. Under ordinary circumstances from 110 to 150 workmen are employed, but, when the exigencies of the service demand it, 500 to 600 can easily be accommodated. The establishment is under the control of a field officer of the ordnance department, assisted by subalterns of the same, a military storekeeper and paymaster, who is a civilian, and the requisite master, workmen, &c. Forty enlisted ordnance men are at present stationed at the post, who perform the necessary guard duty and drills, and are at other times variously engaged in out-of-door and mechanical employments. The United States have exclusive control of the grounds included within the arsenal enclosure, the State exercising only concurrent jurisdiction in civil actions and criminal cases."

friends and strangers, but the one built upon its ruins, in the same style, the summer days of which are so charmingly portrayed by Mrs. Grant. The old one was consumed by fire in the summer of 1759, when Philip had been dead eighteen months; and "Aunt Schuyler," his widow, whose waist he spanned with his hands when they were married forty years before, had grown to such enormous dimensions, that a chair was made for her special use. In that chair she was seated, under the cherry-trees in the lane, one hot day in August, when Colonel Bradstreet, riding up, gave her the first intimation that her house was on fire. With calmness she kept her seat, and gave directions to her servants and neighbours how to check the flames, and to save her most valued articles. Before evening the blackened brick walls were all that were left of that pleasant mansion. Aunt Schuyler had a larger house in Albany, but she took shelter with her husband's deaf brother Peter, who lived upon the hills near by.

Intelligence of the disaster brought the people from all quarters. They testified their love for "Aunt Schuyler" by offering their services. In a few days materials for a new house were collected. Colonel Bradstreet sent up some of the king's troops to assist in building, and the part of the house seen on the right in the picture, was completed for use before the winter set in. Over the yawning cellars of the late mansion a broad wooden bridge was built, furnished with seats like a portico. "This," says Mrs. Grant, "with the high walls of the ancient house, which were a kind of screen before the new one, gave the whole the appearance of an ancient ruin."\* Aunt Schuyler removed to her house in Albany, and leased the homestead; and, a few years later, the present house was built. In it a part of the old walls may be seen. It is now owned by Stephen R. Schuyler, Esq., a descendant of the mayor. His brother, John C. Schuyler, living upon the gentle hills near by, possesses a finely-executed portrait of that functionary.

As we approach Albany from the Flats, and reach the boundaries of "the Colonie,"† the river shores are seen covered with huge piles of lumber, and



VAN RENSSELAER MANOR HOUSE.

lined with vessels of almost every kind. The ear catches the distant hum of a large town and the jangle of steam-boat bells; while the city itself, built upon hills and slopes, is more than half concealed by the lofty trees which surround the manor house of the Van Rensselaer family, in the northern part of the city.‡ This is one of the most attractive town residences in the State. The mansion, erected in 1765, and recently somewhat modified in external appearance, stands within a park of many acres, beautified by the hand of taste. It is adorned with flowers and shrubbery, and its pleasant walks are shaded by grand old trees, some of which were, doubtless, planted or were forest saplings, two hundred years or more ago, when the first *Patroon's* mansion, with its reed-covered roof, was erected there. Through the grounds flows Mill Creek, a clear stream that comes down from the hills on the west, through the once sweet vale of Tivoli, where, until the construction of a railway effaced it, the music of a romantic cascade—the Falls of Tivoli—was heard.

\* "Memoirs of an American Lady," by Mrs. Grant, of Laggan.

† So named because it was the seat of the ancient colony of Rensselaerwyck.

‡ The Dutch West India Company, having made all proper arrangements for colonizing New Netherlands, as New York was then called, passed a charter of privileges and exemptions in 1629, for the encouragement of *Patroons*, or patrons, to make settlements. It was provided that every *Patroon*, to whom privileges and exemptions should be granted, should, within four years after the establishment of a colony, have there, as permanent residents, at least fifty persons over fifteen years of age, one fourth of whom should be located within the first year. Such privileges were granted to Killian Van Rensselaer, a pearl merchant of Amsterdam, and one of the directors of the West India Company, and by his direction the commissary and under commissary of Fort Orange, around whose site the city of Albany now stands, purchased of the Indians a tract of land in that vicinity. Another district was afterwards purchased, and Killian Van Rensselaer and three others became the proprietors of a tract of land, twenty-four miles long, upon each side of the Hudson, and forty-eight miles broad, containing over 700,000 acres of land, and comprising the present counties of Albany, Rensselaer, and a part of Columbia. Van Rensselaer held two shares, and the others one share each. They were his equals in privileges and exemptions, except in the title of *Patroon*, which, with all the feudal honours, was vested in him alone, the partners binding themselves to do fealty and homage for the fief on his demise, in the name and on behalf of his son and heirs. The manor did not become the sole property of the Van Rensselaer family until 1685.

The *Patroon* was invested with power to administer civil and criminal justice, in person or by deputy, within his domain; and, to some extent, he was a sort of autocrat. These powers were abolished when the English took possession of the province in 1664, and with it fell many of the special privileges; but, by the English law of primogeniture, that princely domain, farmed out to many tenants, remained in the family until the Revolution in 1775, and the title of *Patroon* was held by the late General Stephen Van Rensselaer, until his death, early in 1840, when it expired. A great portion of the manor has passed out of the hands of the Van Rensselaer family.



## THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE reliques of those famous personages known as "old masters" are a precious sedative after the penetrating greens and overpowering blues of the Academy, amid which a Ruysdael or a Salvator would be as a black spot. To go no farther than Dyckman's 'Magdalen,'—a mingled inspiration between Rubens and Vandyke,—it looks a conception unduly brown, and very much out of place amid the glistening flagee that surrounds it. At these ancient canvases you may look for hours with a half-closed, dozing eye; but more than two hours at a time of the Academy is too much for any nervous temperament. The arrangement of these works is according to precedent; the north and middle rooms being hung with the productions of all schools, and the south room containing principally pictures of deceased English artists. From the northern schools the selection is extensive and varied. Ruysdael, however, preponderates—he is present in great force; and there is the most pictorial single figure that Rembrandt ever painted, that is, Lord Warwick's 'A Standard Bearer.' A few of the pictures have been seen before, but many are not so well known—a circumstance attesting the inexhaustible wealth in the country of this kind of property. The upper part of the end of the north room is covered by three large portraits—'Charles I. on Horseback,' by Vandyke; 'The Duke of Buckingham,' by Mytens; and 'Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke,' by Vandyke; and below these hangs a variety of small Dutch pictures. A landscape, with cattle and figures, by Cuypp (No. 11), is admirably worked out, as to its components respectively; especially the silvery, sunny river on the left—a sparkle that many of Cuypp's successors and imitators have only nearly attained. The animals are well painted, but the forms and quantities do not come well together. No. 3 is another essay by Cuypp, but it has not the force and substance of the preceding. 'Playing at Nine Pins,' Jan Steen, is one of the painter's most careful works; an outdoor composition, one of those in which he introduces himself. It is full of figures ingeniously varied in pose and character, and carefully elaborated to counteract a certain degree of heaviness and opacity in colour. No. 16, Ruysdael, is a small study, apparently painted on the spot; and these minor works have more of the reality of nature than those others which he toned into blackness in his painting room, unprompted by the freshness of the green fields and woodlands. His so-called "grand" landscapes, of which there are some examples here, as No. 59, 'Woody Landscape and Figures,' are worked down into heavy black masses, the detail of which, could it be seen, is really most minute. Nos. 15 and 18 are 'A Calm' and 'A Storm,' by W. Van de Velde, both small; the latter characterised by the deep, dark "fore-sea" that Van de Velde so frequently painted. No. 21, 'Giulio de Medici,' Raffaele, is a portrait of a man wearing a black berret, and otherwise draped in black; he holds before him a letter. The face is painted with the nicest care—very dark in tone, and in colour less luminous and life-like than the worst we have ever seen by Raffaele. The background is a landscape, very timidly painted; and although the tree on the left resembles some in the works of the master, more than this is wanting for identity. If this were the work of Raffaele, it would have been executed about the time of the Doni portraits, but between those and this head there is no quality in common. No. 25, 'St. John,' Carlo Dolce. For the credit of his memory, it were desirable that this were by him; it would be one attempt at geniality in his hard, dry, and cold career. No. 27, 'A Standard Bearer,'

Rembrandt, is, as we remarked at the outset, the grandest single figure we have ever seen by the master. It presents a life-sized cavalier, wearing the wide-brimmed hat and the rest of the costume of the artist's era. In the hat is a white plume; he carries the standard staff on his left shoulder, and the flag drops in folds behind him. The man is old, but he looks a soldier, and chivalrous withal; a magnificent work, and so simple. Had Rembrandt never done anything, here was still immortality for him; it is a picture that ought to be national property. No. 32, 'A Fête Champêtre,' Lancret: rather, a fair, to which the neighbouring counts and their families condescend. In the foreground we have certain of the upper ten thousand engaged in a *coranto*, while beyond them there is a noisy celebration of all the extravagances of a country fair. The picture is remarkable for its variety in the figures. Lancret drew better than Watteau, yet the ease and spirit of the conceptions of the latter give to his figures a grace to which his pupil could never attain. In No. 37, a small 'Landscape,' Claude, the touch in the foliage is not like Claude's manner of dealing with trees. No. 39, 'Landscape, with Ruins and Figures,' Poelemberg. It is really probable that Rubens meant it when he said, if he were not Rubens he would wish to be Poelemberg, for the sweetness and finish of his manner are charming. No. 47, 'Landscape,' Hobbema. The subject is not so agreeable as others by the painter, but it has evidence of having been carefully studied on the spot; for local and objective truth Mindert Hobbema far excels Ruysdael in his great works. No. 52, 'Ferry Boat with Holy Family,' A. Van de Velde, instances the fact, that for these Dutch and Flemish painters there was no association too absurd; but the eccentricities of this composition are far outdone by those of others. The only Gaspard Poussin in the collection is 'A Distant View of Rome'; it is one of the productions of his latter term, broken in two by the unhappy black foreground that he so frequently painted in his last works, with a view of forcing his distances. In a composition by Adrian Van de Velde there are some animals in the very perfection of the painter's manner; there is also a grey horse, but it is hard.

The middle room contains, to begin with, a Ruysdael (No. 68) of admirable quality—the subject, a grove of oaks, with a piece of well-broken rough bottom; and near that is a most adroit instance of composition in a Wouvermans, called 'A Riding School,' but the spirit of the thing looks rather mercantile: the horses are being trotted out under inspection of some noble Dutchman; the would-be vendor being a man obese far beyond Prince Hal's description of Falstaff. No. 78, by the same, is not so interesting. Although a painful and objectionable subject, No. 81, 'Christ at the Pillar,' Velasquez, cannot be passed. It is a large picture, showing the Saviour tied to a post; it has fine qualities of drawing and painting, but in colour it is not like Velasquez. Of Paul Potter, No. 83 is a highly-finished, luminous, and substantial example—a small group of cows and a bull; the former carefully drawn, and the latter more than life-like in movement and expression, especially in the eyes. No. 86, 'St. John in a Landscape,' a small sketch, is attributed to Mola, but there is not enough of it left to help to assign it to any master. We look with some interest at everything worthily bearing the name of Francesco Mola, because Gainsborough always consulted the works of this master when he could. Very different is the instance of Hobbema, No. 87, 'Woody Landscape and Figures,' with figures by Linglebach, who in this department was a monopolist, until superseded by Adrian Van de Velde. Here is an appeal to nature for every-

thing, but the picture has turned black where too much asphaltum has been used: of this the "connoisseurs" exclaim, "How fine!" In No. 89, 'A Coast Scene,' attributed to W. Van de Velde, we cannot see that master. It is a calm, the favourite phase of Vander Capella, and like his work; the picture has been over-cleaned. No. 96, a 'Portrait of a Lady,' attributed to Jordaens, has somewhat of the brilliancy that would be acquired from copying one or other of the lustrous studies of Madame Rubens by her magnificent husband; but the costume is almost too early for Jordaens.

On the western wall of the centre room we come to a splendid array of Italian pictures, the property of A. Barker, Esq., beginning with No. 106, and terminating at No. 115, and severally entitled and attributed—'Virgin and Child, with Angels,' Botticelli; 'Virgin and Child,' L. di Credi; 'Virgin and Child,' Pollajuolo; 'Virgin and Child, with St. John,' L. di Credi; 'Virgin and Child,' unknown; 'Virgin and Child, with St. John,' L. di Credi; 'Virgin and Child, with Saints and Angels,' Cosimo Rosselli; 'Virgin and Child, with St. John,' L. di Credi; 'Virgin and Child,' Ghirlandajo; and 'Virgin and Child, with St. John,' S. Botticelli. These pictures are all in admirable condition, and some of them are fitted in most sumptuously carved frames.

In the south room the first work that arrests the eye is Leslie's 'Reading the Will,' from "Roderick Random;" and by the same artist, in another part of the room, 'Don Quixote Answering the Ecclesiastic's Reproof,' two important works, exhibited at the Royal Academy some few years ago. In 'A Distant View of Plymouth,' by Turner, is seen an example of that artist's earlier manner, while he yet acknowledged the influence of Wilson, Poussin, and others. In another vein shines Patrick Nasmyth, in simply a 'Landscape,' worked up to a patent reality, with a beauty and softness even surpassing—dare we say it, assuredly surpassing—in effective finish and local individuality, all the Dutch landscape painters. Near it is another by the same hand; and between them a small and charming portrait of Sir Walter Scott, by Leslie.

Of the direct antipodes of Nasmyth, George Morland, there are two instances—a 'Gipsy Encampment,' and a 'Cottage Door,' they are not of Morland's sunniest and soberest days, but are weak and tremulous: they have been painted under the high pressure that was the rule with this unfortunate man. 'Roman Peasants,' by the late E. V. Ripplingille; a small group of two or three figures in the open, which we saw on the artist's easel some sixteen years ago: it holds its own as a bright and harmonious study of colour. One of Gainsborough's portraits, that of Mrs. Elliott, is scarcely so spirited as others by him; it is a little too careful, and does not contrast well with Sir Joshua's 'Portrait of a Lady,' a graceful and brilliant production: by Reynolds also are portraits of Richard Burke, Mr. and Mrs. Garrick, and others. Sir A. Calcott's picture, 'Milton and his Daughters,' is a failure in more respects than one. Calcott was not qualified in figure-painting, in so far as to attempt so large a composition. The Milton is not like the man consecrated in our imaginations as the author of "Paradise Lost," nor can we in any wise receive the females of this *menage* as even apologetic impersonations of his daughters. But in another picture Calcott resumes himself: a 'View in Italy,' is a composition of unblemished classical chastity, excelling Claude in proprieties of apposition and association, with a distance so mellow that it would send Albrecht Cuypp to grass again with bilious envy. And in the pride of our school in its

bygone days, we have a 'Woody Landscape and Figures,' by Hofland and Stothard; a marked following of Gainsborough. There were brave men in those days, though we are perhaps too much inclined in our own to think lightly of them; yet verily their deeds set us a thinking.

'Cicero's Villa,' by Wilson, is not an instructive work of the master—it does not come happily together; let us, therefore, turn to 'Puck,' the veritable picture that Rogers prized so highly. This should be national property. It is dirtier than it ought to be; and how lamentable that all Reynolds's best works are done to death by his fatal experiments! His art was in itself sufficiently sound to have dispensed with the transient lustre imparted by such insidious means. Above 'Puck' hangs a picture by the late Sir W. Ross, 'Our Saviour Casting out Devils,' a work showing considerable power of drawing and painting the figure; and next to that hangs a large portrait of Madame Pompadour, by Boucher: the figure in proportion would, if the lady were standing up, be about twelve heads high. The face is an extremely meagre study—in truth, very badly painted; but her blue dress is really a triumphant essay in silk painting—the visitor will exclaim, "Bravo, Boucher!" But he never painted it; it was painted by the same hand that so inimitably painted the ribbons which bind together the Cupids flying in couples about the ceilings and walls at Versailles.

The number of exhibited pictures is 194, a collection, we think, the most interesting since that of 1851.

### THE ELLISON BEQUEST.

FIFTY water-colour drawings, the property of the late Colonel Ellison, of Sudbrook Holme, Lincolnshire, have been added to the Kensington Galleries, where they assist as a nucleus of a future collection, adequately to represent our school of water-colour art. The bequest has been made under certain conditions—that a room shall be erected or appropriated for their exhibition; that they shall be open to the public at all times when the other collections are accessible, but that they shall not be shown on Sundays. A few of the most remarkable of the works are: 'Warkworth Castle,' Turner—an inland view, and so placing the castle on the right of the spectator, looking up from the brink of the river Alne—an early drawing, very harmonious in colour; Haghe's 'Emente in Louvaine,' a stirring subject, full of figures, exhibited some seven or eight years ago; 'Otter Hounds,' F. Taylor, a small society of shaggy bearded dogs, with hair like variegated icicles standing out all round their muzzles—very characteristic; John Lewis's 'Halt in the Desert,' as highly wrought as any of the oriental series. Then comes Cattermole with his 'Pirates Gambling,' a drawing that wants much of the firmness of his best works. 'The Raising of Lazarus' is a drawing that few would ever attribute to Cattermole: in that he is everybody but Cattermole—he is West, Giulio Romano, Stothard, Snijders, everybody, in short, who has painted draperies; but in 'Cellini and the Robbers,' 'Lady Macbeth,' 'Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh,' and others, he is himself, although these are not among the best of his works. 'Sheep,' a very pure drawing by Sidney Cooper, made in 1844, excels in quality his more recent works. Of Copley Fielding there are two examples: one, 'The South Downs, Sussex,' presents simply the swelling slopes, with the passages of mist which he was ever wont to introduce in the subject he painted so often; the second is 'Irthing Vale, Cumberland,' rich in colour and solid in execution. 'Cricketers,' by Dewint, rather a large drawing, is soft and harmonious; but 'Walton-on-Thames,' a much paler drawing, is less atmospheric—in short, less agreeable. There is but one drawing by David Cox, a 'Corn-field,'

masterly, of course—very like one of those outdoor sketches made with his three colours, Vandyke-brown, indigo, and almost any yellow. By W. L. Leitch there is a powerful drawing of a 'Scene in the Highlands,' and by W. Hunt, 'A Brown Study,' 'Plums,' and 'A Monk.' The others are G. Barrett, 'Classic Composition'; C. Bentley, 'Yarmouth Fishing-Boats'; G. Chambers, 'A Windy Day,' 'On the Thames'; T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 'Cows in a Landscape'; Carl Haag, 'In the Sabine Hills'; Hills and Barrett, 'Deer in Landscape'; S. P. Jackson, 'Towing in a Disabled Vessel,' 'Hazy Morning,' 'On the Hamoaze'; J. F. Lewis, A.R.A., 'Study of a Fox'; F. Mackenzie, 'Thornton Abbey,' 'Lincoln, from the Cloisters'; John Martin, 'Richmond Park'; W. Nesfield, 'Bamborough Castle'; S. Oakley, 'Primrose Gatherers'; S. Palmer, 'Return from India'; T. M. Richardson, 'On the Cluny'; D. Roberts, R.A., 'The Porch of Roslyn Chapel'; T. S. Robins, 'Calais Harbour'; G. F. Robson, 'Loch Achray'; C. Stanfield, R.A., 'The Birthplace of Crabbe'; F. W. Topham, 'Peasants of Galway'; W. Turner, 'At Kingley Bottom'; J. Varley, 'A Composition'; Carl Werner, 'The Treasures of Science'; J. M. Wright, 'Young Thornhill introducing himself to the Primrose Family.' Comment upon the value of such a gift as this collection would be superfluous. It is understood that Mrs. Ellison will, at some future time, make further additions to it.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART, GOWER STREET.  
SIR,—Those who take an affectionate interest in matters of Art, are deeply indebted to you and other influential conductors of the press, for the valuable publicity you have given to the present difficulty of the Female School of Art in Gower Street. The withdrawal of the government grant has placed the school under the necessity of rallying about it all those friends of Art and of feminine culture who may be supposed to take interest in the school. To record briefly the history of its operations, would be simply to catalogue a series of triumphs. The success of the school hitherto is undoubted. At any period of its career, and now most especially, it may challenge comparison with any school of Art in the United Kingdom. Why, therefore, this school should be singled out to be sacrificed, is a mysterious enigma, only to be accounted for by the fact that a government office is the agent which assumes the creditable position of sacrificer. The fiat having gone forth from South Kensington that all schools of Art should be self-supporting, it is only just that this most successful school should be also self-supporting. If all schools were self-supporting, this would be just. But the authorities at South Kensington, and all men who have studied the matter, know that self-supporting schools of Art are common subjects of conversation, and know equally well that such ideal institutions are not in existence. They know that in those places where schools should be entirely independent, they are least so: and that where they are least so, they are most successful. The Department of Science and Art undertook to create and develop a taste for Art and Art-feeling, at no cost to the nation. It took the schools of design as a basis of operations. It first converted them, by a stroke of the pen, into schools of Art, and established numerous new schools, and absorbed numerous ancient societies into itself. This goes on for nine years, and the statesman's view of the result is this:—"The grant to schools of design was £7,000 a year, the grant to the Department of Science and Art £83,000 a year. This is the practical result of making schools of Art self-supporting." The fact of absorbing old societies into the self-supporting Department of Art is no mitigation of this most evident failure. Spreading a failure over a large surface only serves to make more palpable the want of success. Officials defend the Department by saying that whereas 7,000 persons were taught in schools of design, 80,000 are now taught from schools of Art. This is merely throwing dust in the eyes of the public. By far the majority of those persons so taught are innocent little children in poor schools, on account of whom hardly any grant is made. And to apply Art-education to the instruction they receive, is about equivalent to pointing out juvenile dirt pies in the corners of the street as triumphant evidence of a

prevailing taste and love for sculpture inherent in the embryotic British mind.

Let it be understood that it is not to the fact that Manchester receives £700 per year as an instance of the Department's notion of a self-supporting school of Art, that we wish to call attention. Numerically, Manchester is the model of a successful school; it is also the largest recipient of public money. It can also propose to raise, and is succeeding in raising, £100,000 for a picture gallery in the town. But it needs this £700 a year out of the country's taxes to make its school of Art self-supporting! What we do wish to call attention to, is the farcical absurdity of this living fact, whilst the Department of Art, piously respecting public money, sacrifices Gower Street School to an ideal, impractical theory, that schools of Art should be self-supporting. We are content that, for a few years, Art should not be self-supporting in England; but meanwhile the dispensers of the public money for the fostering of Art should be consistent in the dispensation, and not try an unsuccessful experiment upon those who must suffer from it, and are not fully capable of defending themselves. As long as the Department of Art professes to conduct its operations on the fictitious ideal of self-support, so long it is sailing under false colours, and forcibly reminds us of that free and enlightened state, which, commencing its legal code by asserting that "all men are free and equal," rejoices also in the privilege of being able to "wallow its own niggers."

Let the Department give the money entrusted to it by the country to those schools which have hitherto made the best use of it; among these prominently stands Gower Street, and for this reason alone it should be encouraged and supported. We might point out several branches of industrial art which have received an impetus and improvement from the school. Lace is an instance. Manufacturers would do well to employ the pupils in the Gower Street School to make designs for lace. We have but to refer to the illustrated catalogue of the Department, to see how admirably the lady pupils execute wood engraving. There are several branches of design in which the Female School has held undisputed pre-eminence.

It is with a knowledge of these circumstances that we confidently appeal to the public to step in between the school and utter destruction. Where are those philanthropic individuals who support Miss Emily Faithful at her printing office, in Great Coram Street; or who listened with interest to Miss Bessie Parkes, at the Social Science Congress at Bradford? Both these ladies meet with countenance in their noble and self-sacrificing exertions. But these are only seeking to prove how valuable the hitherto neglected female intellectual labour is. In Gower Street this problem has been proved, and surely it is at least advisable that what has been successfully begun should be faithfully continued. It is no use to break up fresh ground in Coram Street, if we are to lose what we have gained in Gower Street. Will any practical and philanthropic M.P. ask Mr. Gladstone if the ladies in Gower Street are to be the first victims of his threatened educational grant retrenchment? If such an one would, in the name of humanity, ask such a question, we feel assured that our present Chancellor would disown the proceedings of his witless subordinates; we should then perhaps know from whom really proceeds this Gothic sacrilege. To withdraw the Gower Street grant on the transparently false principle of self-support, is an insult to the common sense of England.

If Mr. Gladstone were not now Chancellor of the Exchequer, we would not waste time by appealing to the consistency of a government office. But we feel sanguine in our present appeal. Let those who are friends of education in the House of Commons take the matter up, and if they then find that this decree from "my lords," which shatters a good school of Art merely as a bit of coquetry, and with no solid reason for the playfulness—if they find that "my lords" are inexorable, let them, at any rate, demand the withdrawal of the tax-consuming grants from Manchester and other similar places. The House of Commons represents the common sense of the people of England; let the members of it demand that if "my lords," who are their servants, cannot be merciful, they shall be at least just. Let them demand that if the country votes many thousands per year for a special purpose, all and any who thoroughly carry out the purpose shall have equal claims on the vote, in proportion to the success and amount of work done.

If there is one thing which Englishmen detest,

\* In the Department's flag, South Kensington, Manchester, Birmingham, and a few other places, represent the stars; Gower Street, and those schools of Art which are now in abeyance for want of funds, equally well symbolize the stripes.



it is favouritism; if there is one thing they abhor, it is injustice. We should have to look far and wide for more perfect specimens of either, than that which gives largely to Manchester, and withdraws every fraction from Gower Street.

In conclusion, we warn the friends of the Female School that they will do better for it by insisting on the grant being restored, than in sending round the begging-box for it. There is nothing so seriously affects a school of Art as the constant fluctuation of subscriptions, consequent on periods of prosperity and adversity. Among the list of subscribers to the school is Mr. Botfield, M.P. If Mr. Botfield would bring this matter before the notice of the House of Commons, he will do the best thing possible for the interests of the school.

## FAIR PLAY.

## FOLEY'S STATUE OF LORD HARDINGE.

SIR.—Influenced by the invitation contained in the last number of your Journal, "to give attention to the effort which is now being made to obtain a duplicate of Foley's equestrian statue of the late Lord Hardinge," which worthily points to the military career of the statesman-soldier, I am desirous of aiding the call by referring to the work in its Art-phase exclusively.

There cannot be a doubt of the desired object being attained, if fairly brought before the public by a properly organized committee.

The question has frequently been asked, "Can the English produce a good equestrian statue?" The attempts at reply hitherto have been humiliating; but it is now with feelings of unfeigned gratification we are enabled to assert our claim to pre-eminence in this most difficult and highest class of Art.

The equestrian statue of the late Lord Hardinge, by Mr. Foley, R.A., has vindicated our country from contempt, and silenced the reproach of foreign contemporaries

Michel Angelo, the first study for the fresco in the Sistine Chapel, pen and bistre, 42 gs.; 'The Fall of Pheton,' Michel Angelo, in black chalk, 43 gs.; 'Landscape,' with the Deity appearing to Moses in the burning bush, Claude, bistre, heightened with white, 47 gs.; 'Head of a Young Man,' Correggio, adopted by Parmegiano for the St. John, in his picture of 'St. Jerome,' in the National Gallery, coloured chalks, a fine specimen, 79 gs.; 'Portrait of H. Van Eynden,' a distinguished Dutch sculptor, Van Dyck, in black chalk and Indian ink, £57; 'Portrait of Sir T. Mayerne,' physician to Charles I., Van Dyck, the face in colour, drapery in black chalk, 51 gs.; 'Design for a Cup,' Hans Holbein, elaborately executed with the pen on vellum, £51; 'Portrait of the Young Duke of Reichstadt,' Sir T. Lawrence, a profile in black chalk, 31 gs.; 'Profile of a man in Armour,' Andrew Mantegna, £36.

The fourth day's sale included some splendid drawings by Raffaele, for example:—'Lot and his Daughters departing from Sodom,' one of the designs for the *Loggie*, in pen and bistre, heightened with white, 120 gs. (Farrer); 'Jacob's Dream,' painted in the Vatican, bistre, heightened with white, a superb specimen, 250 gs. (Tiffen); 'The Entombment,' in pen, washed with bistre, and heightened with white, 210 gs. (Colnaghi); 'Apotheosis of the Virgin,' in pen and bistre, 70 gs. (Evans); 'Portrait of Elizabeth Brandt,' and 'Portrait of Rubens,' by Rubens, 88 gs. (Tiffen).

Among the drawings sold on the fifth day were:—'Portrait of Raffaele,' by himself, drawn when about fourteen years of age, finished with black chalk, 70 gs. (Tiffen); 'Head of St. Peter,' Raffaele, study for one of the principal figures in the 'Transfiguration,' in black chalk, 25 gs.; 'The Marriage of Alexander and Roxana,' Raffaele, in bistre, heightened with white, 30 gs.; two drawings by Raffaele, 'Alexander depositing the Ili





READING.

ENGRAVED BY R.A. ARTLETT. FROM THE STATUE BY P. MAC DOWELL R.A.

LONDON JAMES S. VIRTUE.

4 JY60



## THE COMPANION-GUIDE

(BY RAILWAY)

## IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

## PART VII.



LANTWIT MAJOR (so called to distinguish it from other places of the name) is said to have been founded as a "church and college," by St. Illtyd, one of the earliest of the missionaries from Rome to Britain. "Llantwit signifies, by contraction, the church of Illtyd." His immediate contemporary was "Patrick, whose college was demolished, and himself taken a prisoner to Ireland, by Irish pagans"—so, at least, say the Welsh writers, anything that may be said to the contrary by Irish writers notwithstanding.

The date usually accorded to the foundation of the church is A.D. 408; although, as will be seen, Archdeacon Coxe places it twenty-two years later: if, however, the venerable prelate died A.D. 501, he must have presided over the establishment upwards of ninety years.

The numerous broad and direct roads towards Llantwit Major, the various intersecting streets and lanes that still exist, the uncommon size of its church and yard, and the number of human skulls dug up in the adjoining gardens and fields, prove it to have been a place of "great population and eminence." Though now but an "inconsiderable village," and populous only on market-days, there are so many evidences, in so many neighbouring places, of a large expenditure of wealth, that it is easy to believe the statements of early Welsh writers to be by no means greatly exaggerated.

The "School" suffered much from the incursions of Saxons and Danes, and was destroyed by the Norman invaders. In 1111 it was restored, though "probably on a reduced scale;" but there is no doubt that it continued to exist as a college down to the Reformation.

Hollinshed relates a strange history of Edgar's sacrilege in robbing Llantwit Church of St. Illtus' bell; his consequent vision; his restitution of the bell; and his death within nine days after. The bell now surmounts the town-hall—an ancient building, standing on the site and partly on the foundations of a ruin much older, and contains this inscription in antique characters—

"Ora pro nobis Sancte Illtute."

The only information concerning it we could obtain from the sexton was, that "small as it seemed, it weighed a hundred-weight!"

For a description of this singular and deeply interesting locality we can do no better than borrow from a little volume, "Siluriana," compiled by David Lloyd Isaac:—

"The group of buildings at Llantwit of the present day is one of the most interesting in the Principality. The site is

\* "The Welsh claim as theirs the patron saint of Ireland, St. Patrick; many old documents exist to show that while a priest at "the College of Theodosius" (Llantwit Major), he was "taken away" by a band of Irish pirates. Being conveyed to Ireland, he there laboured at the work of conversion, "and his work eminently prospered." Patrick, it is said, never returned to Wales, choosing rather to reside in Ireland, "having ascertained (so says the Welsh chronicle) that the Irish were a better people than the Welsh—in those times." The "fact," however, is strongly disputed.

† The Seminary or College of Llantwit, according to various authorities, flourished so much under the protection of St. Illtyd, that its pupils exceeded two thousand, among whom were seven sons of British princes. Gildas, the historian; David of Caerleon; Paulinus, Bishop of Leon; Samson, Archbishop of Dol; Talhaiarn the bard; and the famous Taliesin, received their education here. "The ruins of the school-house are in a garden on the north side of the church-yard; and the monastery, halls, and other buildings, stood on a place called Hill-head, on the north side of the tythe-barn." "Illtyd, son of Bicanus, a Breton, accompanied the saints Germanus and Lupus into Britain, on a mission from Pope Celestine, for the purpose of suppressing the Pelagian heresy, as we are commanded to term it on the authority of the Church, about the year 430. The first measure they adopted was to establish schools of learning, in which the British clergy might be properly educated. The two first and principal schools were those of Dubric and of Illtyd, both disciples of St. Germanus, who appointed the latter head or superintendent of Theodosius's college or congregation; so called because it had been founded by the emperor of that name. It had, however, been demolished about two years before by the Irish pagans, who carried Patrick, its superior, a prisoner into Ireland. This school or college, restored or founded a second time under the auspices of Germanus, and patronized by the King of Glamorgan, was at this place henceforth called, after the name of Illtyd, Llantwit, signifying by contraction the church of Illtyd, with the addition of Major, to distinguish it from other places in the county of Glamorgan also bearing his name. Illtyd is besides honoured by the Welsh as having introduced a plough of a construction greatly superior to any before known to the natives. He died about 450, according to some, and indeed the most probable accounts; but according to others in 501 or 502."—ARCHDEACON COXE.

in a deep valley, below the town. The strange, elongated pile of the church, itself a remarkable conglomeration of distinct buildings, is flanked at the south entrance by a bold fragment of what was once a gate-house; and crowning the crest of an opposite hill is the dilapidated structure of the old tythe-barn, surrounded by other scattered remains of school-houses, crosses—memorial and sepulchral—all bearing witness to the ancient greatness of Llanilltyd. The church and churchyard are teeming with relics of antiquity. First, there is the Ladye-Chapel, forty feet and a half in length, decorated with statues of saints. Next comes the old church, being sixty-four feet long. Lastly, a modern church, which was erected by Richard Neville,



OLD BUILDING AT LLANTWIT.

Lord of Glamorgan, temp. Henry I. This structure is ninety-eight feet by fifty-three, with a tower containing six bells of exquisite tone.

"In a garden adjoining the churchyard are traces of the ancient College. It was here that the two thousand students of Illtus had been pondering over languages; preparing themselves for the battle of life, and the rest of the grave. The tythe-barn\* on the hill is one hundred and twenty by twenty-seven feet; and there are people living who saw the huge building crammed to the ridge, with ten or twelve sacks outside.

"There are several monuments and effigies of high antiquity in the church and churchyard. The Cross of St. Illtus, erected by Archbishop Samson, in the sixth century, is perhaps the



LLANTWIT MAJOR.

most noted. Its present height above the ground is about six feet, and its breadth diminishes from two to one foot on the top. The carving is finely executed, and the sides are divided into compartments, with the inscription—"Crux Illtuti, Samson, possuet hanc crucem pro anima ejus." But we had better give the inscription as we find it in Iolo's MSS.:—"In nomine Dei summi, incipit crux salvatoris quam preparavit Samson Abbas, pro anima suo et pro anima Ithaeli Regis,

\* Greatly to the discredit of the Dean and Chapter of Gloucester, this splendid barn was recently ordered to be taken down, and the materials sold. Such an act of Vandalism was, however, fitly repaid, as the proceeds of the sale of the tiles and timber was not enough to pay for the destruction. The oak that composed the roof was said to be one thousand years old, and to have been cut down in the parish.

et Artmali Decani.' That is, in English—'In the name of God most high, here begins the cross of the Saviour which Samson the Abbot prepared for his own soul, and the souls of King Ithael, and of Artmali the Dean.'

If, therefore—and there is no reason to doubt the fact—Llantwit was "the first Christian school of learning in Britain," he must be cold of heart, and insensible to any touch of piety, who can pace among these ruins without sensations that raise the soul far above sublunary thoughts and things. Surely the spirits of dead worthies haunt these old places.\*

Leaving Llantwit on our way to Bridgend, we encounter the ruins of a Norman castle, known in the neighbourhood as THE OLD PLACE;† and leave to the right a singularly picturesque Manor House—Llanfihangel—which the artist, Mr. M'Ewen, pictured.‡ To give a bare idea, however, of the many striking and interesting objects in this vicinity is out of the question: our space is far too limited. And we may not forget that we are a long way out of the line of railroad; tempted to this excursion, and desiring to tempt others to make it, by its marvellous abundance of natural beauties and ancient remains.

We are again at Bridgend, en route for Neath, passing the station at PYLE. A pretty river running under a rustic bridge is the only object that here meets the eye, if we except a distant cluster of houses, that betoken manufacture: they are the "coking" works of Messrs. Ford and Sons. The famous Masteg Iron Works are also in this neighbourhood. Near to Pyle is Kenfig, once a town of considerable size, but ruined by an overwhelming inundation of the sea, in the middle of the sixteenth century. "An arch of the ancient castle, and part of the ancient church and churchyard may be traced among the sand hills."§

Soon after passing the station at Pyle, we obtain a distant view of Margam Abbey, the seat of C. R. M. Talbot, Esq., M.P. It lies on the right hand, while on the left the line passes under huge sand heaps, on the other side of which is the Bristol Channel. Before we arrive at the next station, that of Port Talbot, we have entered the region of copper works, the railway passing through one of these very money-making, but very smoke-producing, establishments, belonging to H. H. Vivian, Esq., M.P.

And here the tourist should leave the train, to visit the beautiful remains of the ancient ABBEY OF MARGAM, which stands in the grounds attached to the modern structure. Margam was "once called Pen-dar, or the Oak Summit," and the noble tree still flourishes in "the sweet shady dingles, which form the great charm of the demesne." Dugdale fixes the date of the abbey in the year 1147, when Robert of Gloucester, "sorely pressed by adversity," bethought himself of providing a calm retreat for a brotherhood weary of the world. It is said that he was buried here, with his wife, the daughter and heiress of the famous knight, Fitzhamon, who took the lands from the Welsh prince, Jestyn-ap-Gwrgant. Giraldus styles this monastery a noble community of Cistercians, and says that "it exceeded all others in Wales for the reputation of liberality in relieving the distressed,"—a character which, we understand, their successor keeps up. Leland speaks of it as "an abbey of white monks, where was a very fair and large church," and ascribes to it the privilege of sanctuary. When Mr. Wyndham visited Wales in 1774, the Chapter House (of which he gave an engraving) was perfect: it was one of the most elegant buildings of its class. "Its form is a duodecagon without, and a perfect circle within. Against its walls, and those of the adjoining cloister, stand many fragmentary antiquities, such as crosses, effigies, and grave-stones, which exercise the ingenuity of antiquaries and decipherers. A very ancient wheel cross, which formerly stood in the village, is, perhaps, the most curious of these relics;

\* "Llan is a Welsh word prefixed to most of our Welsh parish churches: it is a generic rather than a specific term: it means an enclosure, and refers more to the churchyard than the sacred edifice itself."—I. James, in the *Archæologia Cambrensis*.

† This old place was originally the seat of the Yann, or Avan family, for many centuries located at Marcross and Llantwit. From them it descended, by marriage, to the Nicholls, in whose family it still remains, the present owner being Lillyd Nicholl, of the Ham, in this parish.

‡ Llanfihangel means the Church of the Three Angels, and in the side of the well adjoining the churchyard there is still to be seen a rude stone with the remains of three figures sculptured on it, doubtless connected with the nomenclature. In this small and secluded church rest the ashes of three dukes and one duchess, the former owners of the property, from whom it descended to the heiress of the Wyndhams, the present Dowager Countess of Dunraven.

§ Donovan (1805) encountered some peril while visiting Kenfig: it then "harboured a desperate band of lurking fellows, who obtained a profitable livelihood by the illicit traffic carried on upon the coast in the smuggling line, the plunder of wrecks, and the like." The traveller was in considerable danger from their assaults when he had taken out his sketch and note-book, and was consequently treated as a spy.

|| Mr. Vivian would find it extremely difficult to obey a law that commanded him to consume his own smoke: it ascends from so many quarters, not in "volumes," but in "encyclopedias," according to the only pun ever perpetrated by the learned Sergeant Marryatt.

but the most perfect is the tomb-stone of an abbot, bearing the following inscription, still legible:—

'Constans et certus jacet hic Regewallis opertus  
Abbas Robertus, cujus Deus esto misertus.'

The statuesque figure of a crusader in chain armour, with the head and legs broken off, lies close by. There is also a curious old diagonal sun-dial, which often escapes observation; but it is correctly fixed in the proper meridian, and still faithfully records the daily progress of time, as it may have done for centuries. The exact site of the old abbey church may be easily traced on the lawn of delicate turf immediately behind the chapter-house. The bases of finely clustered pillars, the steps of the altar, and portions of the tile pavement, blend



THE OLD PLACE, LLANTWIT.

singularly with the smoothly-shorn turf, and occasional clusters of the flourishing monthly rose." In 1799 the roof fell, and the structure gradually became a ruin; it is, however, one of the most picturesque ruins of the Principality, and happily decorates the demesne of Mr. Talbot. As will be supposed, it is maintained with scrupulous nicety, and the further inroads of time have been averted. The mansion of Mr. Talbot is entirely modern, of large size, and of much architectural merit. Its principal attraction is "the orangery," which is said to be "the largest in the world." Its origin is curious: a Spanish vessel, bearing a cargo of orange-trees and other exotics, as a present from a Dutch merchant to Queen Mary, consort of William III., was wrecked on this coast. Mr. Mansel Talbot, by some means or other,



LLANFIHANGEL MANOR.

acquired them, and built a conservatory 327 feet in length, "for their reception and better preservation." The neighbourhood of Margam is very beautiful, notwithstanding its heavy drawback of copper smoke. The adjacent hills are full of Roman remains, and of remains of a date prior to the Roman possession of the country.

PORT TALBOT is better known by its old name, Aberavon. It is the outlet of the mineral produce of Cwm Avon, a valley in the adjoining hills, in which are situated the copper, tin, and iron works of "the Governor and Company of the Copper Miners of England," incorporated A.D. 1691.

The next station is BRITON FERRY. We see it on the left; the tall masts of many colliers indicating the prosperity of its quays. To the right is a range of good green hills, bulwarks to the sandy, flat, and unprofitable shore which intervenes between the railway and the sea.



We may here take advantage of a rest, to supply some notes concerning the peculiar customs of Wales.

The custom of "bidding" is now nearly obsolete; it was formerly almost universal. When a marriage was about to be celebrated, a "bidder" was sent to invite guests—to bid them come to the wedding. In old times, frequently the bidder was the chieftain who thus honoured his vassal: his mission was respected by hostile clans as that of a herald, as he passed to and fro, holding a staff decorated with flowers and garlands. A main purpose of the bidding was to obtain from friends and neighbours contributions of money, or matters that might increase the gear and add to the comforts of the wedded pair—contributions to be repaid in kind when the giver chanced to be similarly circumstanced. In later times the printer became Love's messenger; hand-bills were substituted for eloquent tongues; though, occasionally, a comparatively humble "friend" arranges the "transaction," in so far as exchanges of sympathy and more substantial aids are concerned. Now-a-days, some time before the celebration of a marriage, a printed circular is sent, or the still important personage named the "Lavier" goes about the country to invite people to the marriage feast. For miles around does he trudge along through lanes, and villages, and farmyards, "bidding" people to the coming marriage feast. And the "Lavier" is welcomed everywhere; he is the bearer of news acceptable to all. For three weeks before the celebration *cervo da* is to be bought at the house of the bride expectant; and if she be in service, her employers are generally good enough to place their house at her disposal. Every night there is a merry-making, but the night previous to the wedding there is a merry meeting extraordinary: this is called *nos o'r blaen*. Then it is the rustic lover treats the object of his affection with cakes and ale; and then it is, too, that long standing differences are amicably arranged, or others spring up for future settlement. The night having been passed in feasting, fiddling, and dancing, all retire, holding themselves in readiness for the morning. The bride is led to church by the *tailleur*, or bridesman, whilst the bridegroom has the arm of the bridesmaid in his. Friends follow two and two, the fiddler, and often a trombone player, leading the van of the procession. On the return from church the order is changed; the *tailleur* has given the bride in charge of her husband, whilst he conducts the bridesmaid. After the marriage feast, the *tailleur* goes round the company to collect the *poeth*, or wedding gifts. Of these, whether they be money, provisions, or household utensils, he keeps an account—for whenever any of the young people who make presents get married, they expect to have returned to them the amount now given: so, in point of fact, the money received is only a loan; but a loan that, together with what is made by the dinner and the sale of cakes and ale, is often sufficient to set up the young parties in the world.

The weddings of the poor are generally far more joyous than the weddings of the rich—at least they are more demonstrative; the conventionalities of society do not check the merry laugh or the innocent jest, or instruct the lip to repress its smiles. The Welsh are not, on such occasions, so boisterous as the Irish, though they are easily excited, and by no means so placable as the so-called "English." The women are as capable of the most devoted affection as the women of any country: many a faithful heart beats within their russet jackets, and many a throbbing brow under the stately, high-crowned hat, however gaily garnished by a silver buckle. We may relate an anecdote in illustration.

One of the most civil and obliging of butterwomen was Jenny Morgan—we had almost written old Jenny Morgan; but she was not old, whatever she might look at times. She had strong marks of suppressed feeling round her pretty mouth—pretty still, though it was not as pouting and rosy as it had been five years before, when her sweetheart abandoned the collier trade, that so frequently brought him to Briton Ferry, and went to sea in earnest. Jenny was a beauty then, and did not conceal the fact that she was engaged to be married to Tom Evans, whenever Tom Evans came home; but the Crimean war gave an aching heart to Jenny Morgan, as it did to many others. Tom was one of "Peel's men," went ashore, and was reported missing: the lines came and deepened on poor Jenny's face. But the fact of Tom's log having been closed gave hope to another lover, a bright-eyed, active little Welshman, with a host of cattle, and the reputation of a well-to-do, honest farmer. He was determined to marry Jenny, and, after long perseverance, on the old plea of "getting rid" of the lover, she consented to become the wife. There was no necessity, we were told, when Jenny Morgan's marriage was determined on, to send round a "Lavier;" Jenny was a universal favourite, and her mother's shop was crowded with presents. The day was fixed, the little Welsh farmer was more light and cheerful and noisy than ever—his joy was overflowing;

he slapped every young fellow of his acquaintance on the shoulder with treble his usual energy, repeating, "Nothing like perseverance, my boy,—nothing like perseverance." The steady old Welshmen declared "that Master Owen Richards was like one mad," and that "Jenny would find it no easy thing to keep him quiet."

The evening before the wedding day had come, and Jenny was putting a few last bows of narrow white satin ribbon between the borders of her lace cap, when an old friend of Jenny's entered her little room, and closed the door. She was the bridesmaid, and had right of entry.

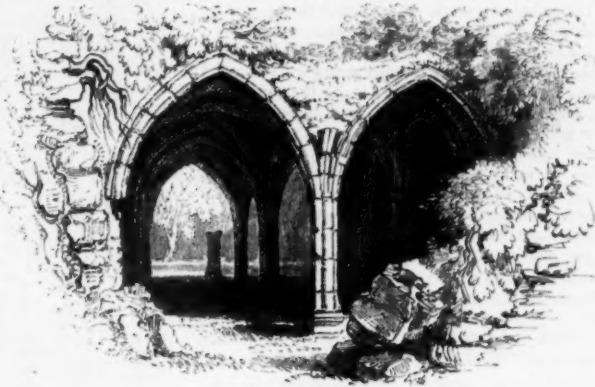
"Jenny, dear woman," she said, "I have something to tell that I'd rather keep; but I mustn't keep it, because if it comes to you on a sudden it would scare you like."

Jenny looked up with her sweet serious eyes, still twiddling with the ribbon. "Speak it up, Mary; things don't scare me as they used."

"I've seen an old friend o' yours up street."

"Not—not Tom Evans?"

Mary nodded her head. The cap and the ribbons fell on the floor as Jenny sprang to the door.



THE CRYPT, MARGAM.

"Don't hold me, Mary. If Tom Evans is in life, I can never go to parson with Owen Richards."

Mary kept the door close. "He's dressed up like a prince, but he's lost a leg."

"I don't care if he had lost two."

"One eye's gone."

"Never mind if t'other 'ill follow; he'll see less how I'm changed. Open the door, Mary."

"Keep thee back, Jenny, woman; doya think the boys the same as the maids? He's tattered from head to foot with every sort of shot—chain shot, and cannon shot, and musket shot. And yet—"

"Oh, Mary, woman, let me out! thank God he came to-day 'stead of to-morrow!"

Poor Jenny! Mary had little of that sweet balm, sympathy, or she would not have so



MARGAM ABBEY.

tortured her before telling her the great truth. "To-day or to-morrow makes no differ to you, my Jenny, so keep your own counsel. I tell 'ee Tom's not a constant sort: he's brought hoame a Roossian wife—a burnt up little brat, with goold rings in her ears, and two children. Much he thought on thee, woman dear!"

Jenny turned away trembling, and covered her face with her hands.

"Pluck up a spirit, my woman Jenny."

"No need to tell me that, and he another's," was Jenny's reply. "I might ha' knowed it: he was always light o' mind and o' love. There—it's all come right," she continued, and she picked up the cap with quivering fingers, and set to finish her work. "I'll tell Owen what I felt, like an honest woman, an' if it makes no differ to him, I'll be to him the honest wife he deserves."

And a pretty wedding they had, and Jenny looks five years younger than she did.

A glance at any geological map will show, that extending from Pontypool on the east, to Carmarthen Bay on the west, and from Llantrissant on the south, to the north of Merthyr Tydvil, is the GREAT COAL-FIELD OF SOUTH WALES. This extends again from Tenby on the western side of Carmarthen Bay to St. Bride's Bay, the waters of which wash the western shore of the Principality. This very remarkable coal-field lies within a basin formed by Mountain Limestone, and a peculiar sandstone known as Millstone Grit; it includes a great number of seams of coal at various depths, and also beds of argillaceous carbonate of iron, and of that peculiar variety known as black band ironstone. The immediate proximity of iron ore, and of the coal required for its fusion with the limestone employed as a flux in the blast furnaces, has led to the establishment of some of the largest iron manufactures in the world.

There is a remarkable feature in connection with this great coal-field which must be noticed. On the eastern side of the basin the coal is of the bituminous variety, containing a large quantity of volatile matter; as we advance westward the coal becomes less and less bituminous, passing under the names of "free-burning" and "semi-bituminous," until it eventually becomes a true anthracite, or stone coal, giving in some cases 94 per cent. of pure carbon, and having no volatile constituents. This is, in all probability, due to the action of masses of trap rock, which have, when they were forced through the superincumbent strata, by their intense heat, dissipated the volatile constituents of the coal. This has led to its division into two districts, the anthracite and the bituminous districts. As the character of iron manufactured with anthracite and that smelted with bituminous coal is very different, anthracite iron is always so distinguished. The extent of the iron works of South Wales will be evident from the following statement of the condition of the blast furnaces in 1858.

The total number of iron furnaces in the anthracite district was	16
"                    "                    bituminous                    "	132
	—
Total in blast in South Wales	148

These consumed of iron ore raised in the district not less than		Tons.
Ore from	Whitehaven district	1,750,000
"	Ulverstone	181,373
"	Forest of Dean	628
"	Somersetshire	34,652
"	Devonshire	34,652
"	Cornwall	26,000
"	Sundry Places	55,180
		100,000
	Total	2,152,403

The make of pig iron from this being for the anthracite district . . . . .	Tons.
50,774	
" " " for the bituminous district	835,704
Total of pig iron . .	886,478

In the manufacture of this about 3,000,000 tons of coal were employed, and nearly as much in the conversion of this pig iron into bars, rails, and castings. The total coal produce of the South Wales coal-field being, in 1858, 7,495,289 tons.

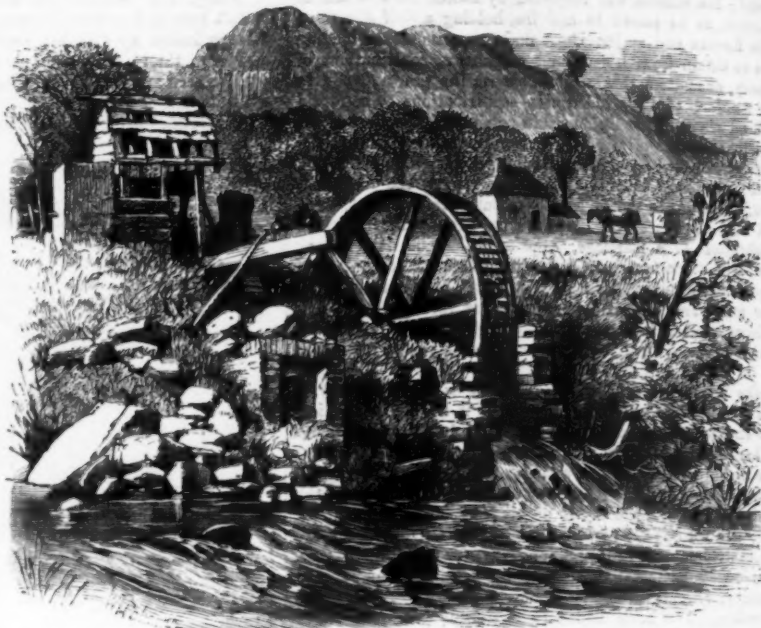
Such is a general statement, based on the returns obtained by the Government Mining Record Office, of the vast resources of South Wales. From beneath the soil above eight millions of coals are raised annually, requiring for its extraction all the various appliances of science which are connected with the draining the mines of water, with their ventilation, and all the processes of drawing the coal from great depths to the surface. Beneath the surface thousands of men are constantly employed, and on the surface hives of industry meet the view on all sides.

Where the bowels of the earth are searched with so much eagerness for treasure, the surface is disfigured with heaps of coal, iron ore, and waste material. The iron works especially load the earth with scoriae, mountains of slags mark the existence of blast furnaces, and volumes of smoke are ever clouding the bright blue of heaven. Yet the result of so much desolation and darkness is a vast addition to the wealth of the nation. The position of England in the scale of empires is determined by her mineral treasures—with the failure of these she must decline amongst kingdoms; how necessary, therefore, it is that she should hoard her buried treasure with a judicious care.

Although many of our coal-producing districts are distinguished by great natural beauties, those are speedily destroyed as the work of subterranean exploration proceeds; and amidst the once picturesque valleys of South Wales, the débris of the coal-mines, and the mountains of ashes and slag produced by the iron furnaces in their vicinity, give an appearance of thorough desolation to the scene.

The accompanying view, comprehending the picturesque remains of an old coal wheel, faithfully represents the usual characteristics of the South Wales coal-field. The hills, although barren towards the top, are fringed with timber trees; and if the smoke from coal has not done its work

of destruction, these woods are luxuriant in their undergrowth, and especially rich in several varieties of ferns. Rapid rivers rush by the feet of these hills, and the early miners availed themselves of this mechanical power, by means of under and overshot water-wheels, not merely to work rude pumps to drain their then shallow pits, but for many other operations connected with their subterranean labours. The increasing depth of the workings, and the accumulating waters, have led to the adoption of powerful steam machinery, and it is only in some of the out-o'-the-world nooks that we can yet discover the water-wheel with its



gearing, now idle and useless, but still forming those little "bits" which we usually term artistic, because they compose themselves into most pleasing pictures. The old horse and the tram-wagon may be regarded as representing a transition period—a passage from that condition when we computed our coal produce at twenty millions of tons per annum, and thought it very large, and the present, when we are drawing from our coal-beds not much less than seventy millions per annum.

Where the manufacture of iron is associated with the production of coal, as it is around Merthyr Tydfil, at Elbow Vale, and other parts, a scene of entire desolation prevails. The blast furnaces pouring forth their giant tongues of flame, the coke ovens shining with unnatural lights, and the forges glaring with white-hot fire, might have guided a Milton to a realization of a



modern Pandemonium. These, associated with the heaps of ashes and slags, furnish a wild picture, which is strangely reflected upon the external character of the dense population crowded around those artificial volcanoes. The colliers, "like the dyer's hand," naturally take colour from that they work in. The girls employed in picking coal, and in the processes of washing coal, which are now extensively used in preparing the small coal for the coking ovens, are equally tinctured with the black coal. Indeed, through all who are brought in contact with those great industries there prevail the same characteristics, derived from the smoke and dust in which they are enveloped.



## "AMERICA IN THE STEREOSCOPE."

THERE are hundreds of thousands in Great Britain who are continually hearing of the grandeur and beauty of scenery in the United States and in Canada who have not, and probably never will have, a chance of examining its peculiar marvels and graces, except by the aid of the artist. And that aid is rarely so obtained as to convey assurance of positive truth; we suspect, if we are not certain, that Art has derived help from Fancy; we doubt while we admire, and attribute to invention that which may be only fact. The photograph, however, cannot deceive; in nothing can it extenuate; there is no power in this marvellous machine either to add to or take from: we know that what we see must be TRUE. So guided, therefore, we can travel over all the countries of the world, without moving a yard from our own firesides. Fortunately there are those who, from love of wandering, or of Art, or of gain, will incur any amount of fatigue or danger, and bring to us enjoyment and knowledge, without demanding from us either labour or risk; giving in an hour the information that has been gained by years of toil and peril. All honour to the men who are thus our ministers!

The series of stereoscopic views recently brought under our notice by the London Stereoscopic Company—taken in various parts of Canada and the United States—bring us, as far as they go, into closer and safer acquaintance with the New World than all the books that have been written on the subject, and "their name is legion." Lake and mountain, glen and river, picturesque waterfalls and gigantic cataracts, spacious harbours, populous cities—all the glories of Nature and of Art—are here brought so vividly before the eye that we seem to have journeyed with the traveller and worked with the artist. It is indeed impossible to overrate the debt we owe for so much of pleasure and so much of information.

The city views are chiefly those of New York, Boston, Washington, Philadelphia, Quebec, Montreal, and Ottawa (the new capital of Canada); but more interesting are those which picture attractive scenes on the rivers St. Lawrence, the Delaware, and the Hudson. Still more so, perhaps, are those that introduce us to the far-famed "Katskills," Sleepy Hollow, the Indian Fall, the Falls of the Pontiac, and Trenton Falls—not forgetting Poughkeepsie, in which resides our valued correspondent, Lossing, and which other accomplished Americans have made renowned. There is, indeed, no one of the series that fails to gratify; some may be better than others, but all are full of interest, and convey instruction. The artist has, however, most put forth his strength where it became most effective. Hundreds of pictures have been painted, and descriptions written, to make us acquainted with NIAGARA; but until now we seem to have been utterly ignorant concerning the character of this—one of the wonders of the world. The views are many:—Comprising 1. the Suspension Bridge, hung, as it were, in mid air; the railway trains, as they pass, seeming but little larger than the miniature toys of children; 2. The Bridge again, a nearer view; 3. The Bridge over the Rapids, a remarkably light and graceful structure; 4. The Lewiston Suspension Bridge; 5. The American Fall; 6. The American Fall in winter; 7. The Terrapin Tower and Bridge, the tower standing on the very edge of the Great Horse-shoe Fall—

"How dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes below;"

8. Another view of the terrific scene, the torrent rushing over the brink; 9. The Rapids: a view that must have been caught instantaneously, the tremendous character of which is given with marvellous accuracy; 10. A general view of the Falls, in which Niagara is beheld "in all its glory and magnificence;" 11. A sylvan scene on Goat Island, the rush of waters in the distance; and though last not least in this singular series, are two views showing the daring adventurer, Blondin, crossing the Niagara on a tight rope—one of the most daring feats ever achieved. We have thus some fifteen or sixteen views of this wonderful work of nature, including the objects by which Art has succeeded in rendering Niagara in a degree subject to the will of man. Unquestionably no series of

stereoscopic views has been yet issued at once so interesting and so instructive; they so thoroughly convey accurate ideas of the marvels they depict. Moreover, they are exceedingly well executed, and may vie with the best, in clearness of detail and power of effect, when seen in the stereoscope. A brief but carefully written description accompanies each view, giving such particulars as are requisite for a complete comprehension of the theme, in its grandeur, or its beauty, or its combination of both.

We shall rejoice if our notice be the means of enabling others to partake of the rich treat we have enjoyed in examining this delightful series: it would be difficult to pass an hour more pleasantly or more profitably. Of the many boons conferred by the London Stereoscopic Company, this, their latest, is undoubtedly the best.

## MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Mr. Augustus Leopold Egg, A.R.A., has been elected Academician, after running, it is said, a close run with Mr. Boxall. The choice is undoubtedly a good one, and well merited; but why has Mr. Frost, who preceded Mr. Egg in the list of Associates, been passed over? It looks as if the members intended to shelve one who has richly earned his diploma by the production of works that are an honour to the British school. In his peculiar "walk," Mr. Frost has proved himself without a peer. With all due deference to the opinion of the Academicians, we think they are doing injustice to one who, as an artist and a gentleman, would do credit to their institution.

THE SCIENCE AND ART DEPARTMENT.—A parliamentary paper recently published contains estimates of the sums required for the Science and Art Department, including the various establishments connected therewith, for the year closing with the end of March, 1861. It is both an interesting and a curious document, and deserves careful consideration. It appears that the general expenses for management in London, with the various charges for the Schools of Art and Science in the United Kingdom, amount to £42,850. Additional sums of £17,565 and £6,417 are added severally for the Museums at South Kensington and Jermyn Street, the School of Mines being grouped with the latter institution. The corresponding establishments in Scotland and Ireland severally receive £1,943 and £11,396. The expenses of the British Museum amount to £100,850, and those of the National Gallery to £11,670. These sums collectively amount to £192,691. No particulars are given in this paper relative to the application of the large sum voted for the British Museum. It appears, however, that in the instance of the National Gallery £8,000 is devoted to the purchase of pictures, while £1,800 and £2,020 respectively pay the salaries of officers and attendants: the incidental expenses amount also to £1,200, and the travelling expenses to £650. We offer no opinion upon these items. At Jermyn Street the director (unlike his more fortunate brother-officer at Trafalgar Square, who receives £1,000) has a salary of £300. There are seven lecturers, who receive £200 each for their services for the year, and £200 is also charged for "outfit and illustration of lectures." It is added that four courses of lectures were given in 1858, which were "attended by from 442 to 600 working men." Nothing is stated relative to the lectures of 1859. The most satisfactory statement of the whole is that which has reference to the South Kensington Museum, which certainly is a model establishment in the important matter of results, and what they cost. The number of visitors in 1859 was 475,365 persons, being upwards of 20,000 more than in 1858.

THE SCHOOL OF ART, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE, at the Crystal Palace, is steadily establishing itself in strength and usefulness. All that it now requires is, that the public should distinctly understand what is the aim and what the range of its several classes. It is not enough that it should be made known, and that it should become known, that a series of educational classes exist at the Crystal Palace; before these classes can be adequately supported, it is necessary that they should be understood. People who are interested in education need to be

impressed with the conviction that the Sydenham classes possess special qualities, and are competent to impart peculiar advantages. We, accordingly, advise the heads of families, and the principals of educational establishments, to go and inquire about these classes in the class-rooms. Let them thus learn experimentally upon what grounds they will find it so greatly to their advantage to associate themselves with these classes. And we venture to suggest to the authorities of the Palace the propriety of giving every facility to persons who may be disposed to inquire into the character, and to examine the working of their classes, after the manner that we have recommended. We feel sure that the professors themselves will readily support our view. We repeat, let these classes be really understood, and their complete success is certain; but such success must be comparatively slow, so long as nothing is done beyond the mere advertising their existence.

THE EXHIBITION OF 1861.—The Guarantee Fund for this object amounted, to the date of June 18th, to £323,000. It will, no doubt, have received a further increase, at the festival at St. James's Hall, on the 22nd of last month—after our sheets were at press—when the members of the Society of Arts and their friends assemble to celebrate the 106th anniversary of the society; the Right Hon. B. Disraeli was expected to preside.

FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.—The annual distribution of prizes to the ladies studying in this school took place, at the South Kensington Museum, on the 13th of last month. The pupils generally, and those entitled to prizes especially, were complimented by Mr. Redgrave, R.A., and other speakers, on their proficiency. We believe we are correct in saying that a larger number of medals, &c., have been awarded to this school, in proportion to the number of students, than to any other throughout the United Kingdom—a tolerably sure test of the efficiency of the instruction given, and of the aptitude of the pupils for receiving it; and supplying, also, an additional motive for the aid now requisite to save the institution from the destruction with which it is threatened. A strong appeal was made to the visitors on its behalf. We shall hope to hear that the *conversazione*, held, we expect, on the 21st of last month, resulted in an increase to the fund which is being collected for the new building.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—The Trustees of this institution have issued their third annual report; from which we learn that nine pictures were presented during the past year, making thirty-five in all, since its foundation. The purchases during the past year were eighteen; the total number of portraits now in the gallery is ninety-seven, of which sixty-two have been bought. We have no space this month to enter upon the particulars of the recent acquisitions, but shall probably do so in the ensuing number.

ST. MARTIN'S SCHOOL OF ART.—The students in this institution held their fourth annual *conversazione* on the 31st of May, when a considerable number of medals and books were distributed as prizes. Among the visitors present were Lord Hardinge, Sir Walter C. James, and others; his lordship addressed the students at some length, and expressed the gratification he felt from an inspection of their drawings. In the rooms were a large number of works of Art and of Art-manufacture, and the pleasures of the evening were much augmented by the performances of a numerous company of vocalists. This school is under the able direction of Mr. Casey, assisted by Mr. Barchett.

MR. H. WEEKES, A.R.A., has received a commission to execute a statue of the late distinguished surgeon, John Hunter; it is to be erected in the Museum of the College of Surgeons.

THE FLAXMAN GALLERY.—The *Critic* states that a fund is being subscribed for the purpose of purchasing some of Flaxman's original drawings, from those in the possession of the late Miss Denman, the sculptor's sister-in-law. Mr. Foley, R.A., has been entrusted to make a selection, and the drawings will be added to the Flaxman Gallery, in the University College. The Prince Consort has subscribed 20 guineas to the fund; the Royal Academy, 25 guineas; the Graphic Society, 25 guineas; while among other subscribers appear the names of Sir Charles Eastlake, the Master of the Rolls, Lord Belper, and many others.

"THE ART-UNION OF GREAT BRITAIN, one Shilling per Share." Such is the heading of a handbill, extensively circulated throughout the kingdom, and which, we have reason to believe, has misled many. It purports to issue from Manchester, and contains twelve names of persons, said to form a "committee," being preceded by a list of four noblemen, —the "president" and "vice-presidents." How these names were obtained we cannot say, but Lord Shaftesbury, has printed a letter, showing how he was deceived, and has demanded the withdrawal of his name. Lord Stanley has also adopted a similar course: and we cannot doubt that those of the Earl of Sefton and the Earl of Ducie, having been obtained in like manner, will in like manner be withdrawn. Of the secretary and the twelve committee we can learn nothing; the secretary is not to be found at the place from which he dates, and of the "twelve," only one is known in Manchester by name, and such knowledge is not complimentary to the party who owns it. The handbill states that "distributions of paintings and other works of Art will take place periodically," that "a drawing will take place on June 30, 1860, at the Free-trade Hall, Manchester," when the following will be the prizes:—A painting, value £150; a painting, value £100; "with ninety-eight other picture prizes, from £5 to £75 each," "in addition to which there will be about 500 other prizes, consisting of engravings, statuettes, &c." Now, it requires no very deep penetration to see the meaning of all this; but we desire to know the light in which it is regarded by the Art-Union of London. If this scheme is not authorized by the Board of Trade, its concoctors are liable to prosecution, and ought to be prosecuted. Surely it is not too much to say, that such duty devolves on the committee of the Art-Union of London; if it be not their business, it can be the business of no one; for it is asking too much of a victim, who may have lost a shilling, to become a public prosecutor for the public good.

MR. HUNT'S PICTURE of 'The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple' has been purchased by Mr. Gambart for the sum of £5,500, including the copyright and the right to exhibition. After its season in London it will make the tour of the provinces. It is not unlikely that the ultimate destination of this remarkable work is the embryo Institution at Manchester; indeed, there is on foot something like a treaty with this view, Mr. Gambart having agreed to dispose of it to the committee for £3,000, provided a number of gentlemen, six or thirty, subscribe that amount; himself being, in either case, one of the number. This is a proposal of exceeding liberality, and ought to be recorded.

MESSES. MURRAY & HEATH have supplied by command "a photographic outfit for His Royal Highness Prince Alfred, intended to accompany him on his maritime expeditions." This intelligence is more than commonly gratifying; a proof not only that Her Majesty and the Prince Consort take a deep interest in the art, but of their desire to educate their son in a love and appreciation of the beautiful and the useful, while rendering the several voyages of the Prince practically beneficial at home.

MR. WASHINGTON FRIEND.—This gentleman has brought from America to England a series of large views of the most attractive scenery on the Hudson and in Canada, which he is now exhibiting daily at St. James's Hall. It is not, however, merely a pictorial exhibition: he is the guide on a tour of some three or four thousand miles, describing each point of interest, and varying his "entertainment" by the introduction of anecdotes and songs. A pleasant and instructive evening may thus be passed in his company. He conveys much information concerning the people and the country, interesting his audience in both, and leaving them with a large amount of knowledge, obtained by little sacrifice of time, while, undoubtedly, they will have been greatly amused and gratified. Few "lecturers" so happily combine pleasure with instruction. His manner, if not impressive, is agreeable; he is evidently "doing his best"—good-humoured, hearty, and earnest. He labours, and with zeal, to depict, by words and works, the peculiarities of the great people of the United States, whom to know better is to like better and respect more. His task, therefore, has its uses, and its due discharge cannot fail to do good. His pictures are shown by judicious distribution of lights:

they are not remarkable as productions of Art, but they fully answer his purpose, and are obviously true. By their aid he makes the tour in which he is accompanied by the audience, starting from the city of New York up the Hudson, visiting all the renowned places en route, showing us the marvellous steamboats, populous towns on lakes and rivers, Indians in their encampments and their canoes, with a variety of other objects of interest, and ending with the marvels of Canada—its railway, its bridge, and its wonderful cataract, Niagara. A list of the scenes and incidents depicted would fill a column: we must be content with recommending Mr. Washington Friend's "entertainment" as one that will largely recompense the visitor, and be more than merely amusing, for it will add much to the information which all readers and thinkers desire to obtain relative to the peculiarities, the grandeurs, and the beauties of Nature and of Art, in North America.

KEW GARDENS.—Although thousands enjoy daily the walks and flowers in those delightful grounds, there are thousands who remain ignorant of the health and pleasure they promote; yet they are free to "the public" every day—as free as either of the parks in London; while the distance, considering facilities of railway, omnibuses, and boats, is really no drawback. Messrs. Cubitt of Pimlico have recently entered into agreements for the erection of a great conservatory and winter-garden. It will be nearly 700 feet in length—the grandest purely horticultural building in the world. It will occupy an extensive area on the right-hand side of the grand lawn avenue, leading from the Palm House to the Pagoda. The whole noble domain of 300 acres is now in all its floral splendour, and beautiful almost beyond description. The new lake of five acres, with finely-wooded islands, is situated midway between the Palm House and the Thames, on the left of the Zion vista. The student as well as the mere pleasure-seeker finds here a mine of value in the "instructive, scientific, and educational departments" attached to the garden. In a word, no country of Europe supplies a more inexhaustible source of delight than is to be found at Kew—half an hour only distant from the metropolis.

MR. MAYALL, the eminent professor of photography, has received a mark of high honour from Her Majesty, having been selected to produce a series of photographs of the Queen, the Prince Consort, the several members of the royal family, and of various personal friends. We find the following report in the *Journal of Photography*:—"The series is a highly interesting one, embracing as it does the representations of so many illustrious personages; the photographer has not only been a very successful operator upon the occasion, but his artistic skill has been called fully into play, as evinced by the easy and graceful attitudes of his sitters, which add an additional charm to the productions, and testify that the 'sittings' have been submitted to *con amore* in every instance."

VIEWS OF JERUSALEM, ANCIENT AND MODERN.—A notice of two pictures of Jerusalem, painted by Mr. Selous, which appeared in our Number of last month, has elicited from Mr. R. Turner, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, communications which characterize the painting and proposed publication of these views of Jerusalem, as a transaction unworthy and discredit. Mr. Turner states that his pictures (of which a notice appears among our reviews) were finished and exhibited in Newcastle in May, 1857; and in August and September of that year they were exhibited, with a view to obtaining a subscription-list, by Mr. Beecroft at Scarborough, where names were received to about the amount of £300; a success which, says Mr. Turner, induced Mr. Beecroft to commission Mr. Selous to paint two pictures of the identical subjects, which commission was given about twelve months ago—a period altogether inadequate to the production of two such works, or even of the ancient view, had the composition depended upon actual research. Honourable competition is at once beneficial to the public and profitable to those who undertake it in a fair spirit; but we consider it our duty to expose a transaction of this kind as worthy only of severe public reprobation.

'THE PRISON WINDOW,' AND 'LUFF, BOY!'—These two pictures, severally the productions of the recently elected Royal Academicians, Mr. Phillip and Mr. Hook, are exhibited at the gallery of the Messrs. Jeannings, 62, Cheapside, where there may also be

seen impressions from the engravings in different stages beside the original works. Both engravings will certainly constitute very valuable accessions to their class, and both will doubtless enjoy a well served popularity. Mr. Phillip's picture, which represents the wife and child of a Spanish contrabandista-looking prisoner at his prison window, is a work of extraordinary excellence, and it has been acquired for his collection by one of the merchant-princes of Liverpool. 'Luff, Boy!' like its companion, a work of comparatively small size, is one of those sea-scenes in which a part only of a boat is shown on a large scale, and which of late have evidently been peculiarly attractive to Mr. Hook. The boat and the figures are capital, but the sea wants *heave*, and is too monotonous. In Mr. Simmons's engraving, which is still in an early stage, the sea promises to present a much more satisfactory appearance, while it remains faithful to the picture in its general character. The wake of the boat is beautifully indicated by both painter and engraver. The engraving after the 'Prison Window' is already finished, and it is alone qualified to secure for Mr. Barlow a distinguished position in the ranks of English masters of the *burin*. The engravings are published by Mr. Gambart.

'JOHN WESLEY AND HIS FRIENDS AT OXFORD.'—In accordance with the prevailing fashion of the present time, this picture has been painted by Mr. Marshall Claxton for the special purpose of being engraved, and it is now exhibited, with an etching from the future plate, at the gallery of Messrs. Lloyd Brothers, in Gracechurch Street. The picture is the property of the Messrs. Agnew, of Manchester, by whom the engraving will be published. We have derived much pleasure from the study of this pleasant, characteristic, and effective representation of a most important scene. Wesley himself stands at one end of a table, habited in his gown and hood as an Oxford "Master;" and around him are grouped a small assemblage of the men who first delighted to hear him expound the Scriptures, and afterwards took part with him in his labours. The heads are carefully studied and well painted. The composition is at once striking and pleasing. The colouring is rich, harmonious, and decidedly effective. The room, like the greater number of the figures, is a portrait; and the costumes and other accessories are all true to the supposed era of the scene—that is between 1731 and 1734. Such a picture can scarcely fail to engrave well, and Mr. S. Bellin evidently does not intend that there should be any chance of failure with his plate. While unquestionably a work of general interest, this picture, and the engraving after it, possess peculiar claims upon all who consider that they are in a special degree the followers of John Wesley. These works of Art are identified with their very name; and, as depicting the origin of what has been designated "the great revival of the last century," they must be regarded by them with the deepest interest. The engraving will exactly correspond with that of the 'Death of Wesley,' by the same artists: and thus the two will form companions, and will illustrate the commencement and the close of the career of a most eminent and excellent man.

SCULPTURE IN IVORY.—There were last season exhibited at Messrs. Colnaghi's two pieces of ivory sculpture, by the Baron Triqueti of Paris. These are again to be seen in Pall Mall East, with the addition of a third piece of cabinet sculpture. The subjects are the 'Dying Cleopatra,' 'First Love,' and a 'Fawn playing the Cymbals.' Although the delicacy and beauty of these works are in the most exquisite classical taste, they are yet transcended by an amphoral vase, by the same artist, and exhibited with these statuettes. The vase is of bronze, and about three feet six inches high, with ivory bas-reliefs panelled round it. The handles are enriched with vine-leaves, and above and below the ivory panelling there are belts of design in figures and arabesque, in that Græco-Roman taste to which the Renaissance owes its origin. M. De Triqueti has been occupied three years on this great work, and the bare expense of its production has been £400.

O'NEIL'S 'EASTWARD HO!' AND 'HOME AGAIN.'—These favourite pictures, after a tour through the provincial cities and towns, have returned to London, and are now exhibited by Messrs. Lloyd at the gallery, 191, Piccadilly. With the pictures themselves, an impression from the engraving of 'East-



ward Ho!" may be seen, in a forward condition, though much yet remains to be accomplished before the plate will be pronounced to have been "finished." The engraving from 'Home Again' will follow its companion work, and there can be no doubt that both will enjoy high popularity. They are exactly the subjects which ought to meet with a cordial welcome in every quarter, and for which such a welcome is assuredly prepared. The tale is told in a truly impressive manner, both alongside the ship that is getting under weigh for the East, and off Gravesend on her return. The two scenes mutually enhance each other's effectiveness by juxtaposition. They are in happy harmony, and each of them possesses its own appropriately distinctive characteristics.

**LAMBETH SCHOOL OF ART.**—A *soirée* of the friends and students of this school was held at the National School-rooms, in Prince's Road, on the 12th of June, and was exceedingly well attended. There was a good exhibition of works of Art of various kinds, especially of pottery, contributed by the South Kensington Museum. The district of Lambeth, as many of our readers are aware, is famous for its potteries of the coarser kind of ware. Twelve medals were distributed to successful students; four certificates, entitling the possessors to study gratuitously for a year, were awarded; and twenty-six prizes of books, &c., given to pupils for proficiency at the examination. This school is of comparatively recent origin, but it is making good progress. A piece of ground for a suitable school-room has been secured, and it was expected that the Prince of Wales would lay the foundation-stone at the end of last month, after our sheets were at press. The Rev. Mr. Gregory, incumbent of St. Mary's, Lambeth, has taken great interest in the progress of this institution, which has now become self-supporting; but assistance is greatly needed to raise the fund necessary for the new building. The students have themselves aided liberally, considering their limited means, and it is hoped that subscriptions will come in at the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone; but even these will, in all probability, fall short of the required sum.

**STAINED GLASS.**—The chancel of the fine parish church of St. Giles's, Camberwell, has recently been ornamented with four windows of stained glass, executed by Messrs. Lavers and Barrand. The subjects are taken from the narratives of the Evangelists, and the manner in which the artists have represented them is highly satisfactory. Two other windows remain to be filled, for which subscriptions are now being made; but we should think the committee need not look beyond the parish for aid: Camberwell contains a large number of wealthy inhabitants, who ought not to allow their principal church—built by Mr. G. G. Scott, A.R.A., a few years ago, and one of the most beautiful ecclesiastical edifices round London—to lack the sum needful for such a purpose.

**ART & ARMS.**—It is not rare to find the sword exchanged for the gown; but we seldom see the artist take the place of the soldier. We record, therefore, with more than ordinary satisfaction, some note of the progress of Captain Fuller, late of Her Majesty's 12th Lancers, who not long ago settled at Florence, became a student in the *atelier* of the sculptor Powers, and has so actively thought and laboured as already to hold rank among the most promising artists of our country. We understand he has produced many works of a high order. Our own opinion, however, is formed from one we have seen at the establishment of Mr. Phillips, in Cockspur Street. It is only a bust; but it is a production in which accurate study, and apparently matured knowledge, have happily aided fancy. He calls it 'Epic Poetry'; and it is undoubtedly a fine poetic creation—a beautiful head full of lofty expression, and strong yet delicate character; moreover, the manipulation is firm and refined. The work may be seen by any one interested in tracing the Art-progress of a soldier-sculptor.

**ASTON HALL.**—There are rumours of serious difficulties in the way of this purchase. If so, they ought to be removed; Birmingham may not be as rich as Manchester, but there are, in that thriving and populous town, many wealthy persons who ought to prevent this undertaking from being a failure.

## REVIEWS.

**THE LIFE OF SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE**, President of the Royal Academy, F.R.S., D.C.L. By his Son, MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, Barrister-at-Law. Published by LONGMAN and Co., London.

This is the graceful tribute of a son to the memory of a father: one who was unquestionably a good artist, an accomplished man, and a polished gentleman. It is but his due that the world should have better knowledge of him than can be obtained from transitory sources. The book has been delayed too long; but it comes at last to take its place in the full library of biographies of British worthies. It is undoubtedly of value, and gives us some information that may be useful to those who write the history of Art in the nineteenth century. But we cannot say that the work has much to instruct or much to interest. The life of Sir Martin was uneventful; he was mainly, if not solely, a portrait painter, but in Art he was subordinate to the loftier genius of his great predecessor; and his "sitters" were not of the order that induce grand memories of famous people. Of the few men of mark he did picture, such as Moore and Wellesley—and they were very few—there are no anecdotes recorded in these pages worth preserving; yet it is difficult to believe that during the several visits of Moore, for example, to the studio in Cavendish Square, nothing occurred worth "taking note of." How many rare opportunities are lost for lack of forethought! If Sir Martin had a foreknowledge of this book, he might surely have been a larger contributor to it than he seems to have been, leaving his biographer no very important resources beyond the newspapers of the day and the catalogues of the Royal Academy.

Yet the book is a good book, and a duty is discharged by its production. If it does not greatly enlighten us as to the Art-progress of a past age, and the men who made it famous—for there is very little indeed concerning the contemporaries of the President—it presents to us the pleasant portrait of an excellent man, who sustained his honours with dignity, upheld with consistent courage the position of the body of which he was the chief, was respected in public, and estimable in all the relations of private life.

Sir Martin was born in Dublin in 1769, married in 1796, became an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1798, a Member in 1800, President in 1830, and died in 1850. He was, in all senses of the word, a gentleman, by birth, manners, and habits. It was always a pleasure to hear him speak; for though not an orator, he was decidedly a graceful and impressive speaker, peculiarly bland and suave in manner, of a kindly, generous, and sympathizing nature; small and lithe in person, active in mind and body, with outward development of that energy so generally found in his countrymen of all grades. He died full of years and honours, adding another to the long list of distinguished Irishmen who have obtained fame and fortune in England.

**AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL RECOLLECTIONS.** By the late CHARLES ROBERT LESLIE, R.A. Edited, with a Prefatory Essay on Leslie as an Artist, and Selections from his Correspondence, by TOM TAYLOR, Esq., Author of "The Autobiography of Haydon." Two Vols. Published by J. MURRAY, London.

Two voluminous biographies of British painters, published almost simultaneously, mark an era in the annals of our Art-literature. Knowing as we do by experience the difficulty of gaining information respecting the career of an artist, it is fortunate when one leaves behind him such materials as the late Mr. Leslie put on record. "He was in the habit," writes his son to the editor of these volumes, "of writing down accounts of anything of importance that occurred to him all his life, and it is from these notes and from letters which he collected that the autobiography you have was composed." How much, not only of an interesting, but also of a really instructive character, such men may give utterance to is manifest in the book before us.

Well, too, is it when such materials fall into the hands of an editor like Mr. Tom Taylor, who uses them not to magnify his own office and display his qualifications of authorship, but to exhibit his subject in the most prominent and favourable light, placing himself as a mere background, as it were, to his picture. Leslie was a man modest and unassuming; Mr. Taylor has imitated him in the way in which he has performed the task allotted to him. Hence we have one of the most pleasant, unartificial, and vivid biographies, of its kind, that has ever come under our notice.

But the editor has something to say for himself

about the artistic qualities of the deceased painter and as a writer upon Art; he has a high respect for the talents of Leslie, and comments upon his works with discriminating judgment, heightened, perhaps, by a little partiality; which, however, may scarcely be considered a venial offence when writing of an artist whose works are generally of so popular a character. Leslie was not a great painter; he possessed refined taste, and a profound knowledge of the technicalities of his art, but he was deficient in originality of invention and poetic feeling. He studied deeply, in the works from which his subjects were drawn, the characters in the pages of the dramatist or novelist, and he successfully and charmingly portrayed them in his canvases; but he rarely drew upon his imagination, nor ventured beyond the strict line of representation marked out by the writers whose works he consulted. Neither can he be regarded as a great colourist, especially in his later pictures—opacity and heaviness not unfrequently marred the beauty of his compositions. As a master of expression, and in his conceptions of female grace and loveliness, he had few, if any, equals; and to his representation of these qualities—and they are invaluable—may be attributed the estimation in which many of his productions are held. In short, in all that he did, there is evidence of good taste, refined feeling, and earnest, thoughtful truth.

Leslie's "Recollections" abound with amusing and interesting anecdotes of his artistic contemporaries, and of many distinguished characters with whom he associated or came in contact. The "Correspondence" consists chiefly of letters that passed between himself and Washington Irving. We could fill some pages of our work with extracts for which our readers would thank us, but must refer them to the volumes, which have our heartiest commendation.

**EMBLEMS OF SAINTS:** by which they are distinguished in works of Art. By F. C. HUSENBETH, Provost of Northampton. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

German literature numbers among its useful treasures many volumes, in which we trace the self-devotion of scholarship in paths which by the very monotony of the labour they demand show few footprints of explorers. To silently note year by year minute facts, to bring them together from far-off sources for general use, to devote days to what may be read in minutes, is a self-denying drudgery few but patient professors of Germany will submit to. Such a man was Ottfried Müller, and his descriptive index of ancient Art-works is an astounding monument of patient industry. A book of the same genre is this by Dr. Husenbeth; which has successfully passed through one edition, and in this second has been much enlarged and improved. It consists of two parts, each alphabetically arranged: one being a list of saints, as they are generally depicted; the other a list of emblems, with the names of saints who bear them, authorities being quoted for each. To understand the full value of the book, we must imagine a visitor to a country church, puzzling over some mediæval figure bearing some quaint device—such as a pair of eyes in a dish; we turn to the volume and find this the characteristic emblem of St. Lucy. We may then turn to the name of the saint, and find that there are fourteen other modes of representing her in ancient Art, and that all the original authorities are conscientiously referred to. Such a pocket manual for the use of the church visitor and tourist of picture galleries must be most welcome to either. Few persons would imagine so many hundreds of saints could be depicted in Art in such varied styles. Dates are appended to all; and the book is further enriched by curious lists of patron saints of arts, trades, and professions, as well as those of countries and cities. Some curious early calendars, emblems of the sybils, and sacred heraldry, conclude the volume, which, while it does its compiler the greatest credit for patient honest industry, demands a thankful response from all who make use of it.

**"MICHEL-ANGE BUONAROTTI."** Engraved by E. CASTAU, from the picture by A. CARANEL. Published by GOUPEL & Co., London and Paris.

The phases of artist-life where best it can be studied,—that is, in the studio of the artist,—is a closed book to the world at large. We see the results of the seclusion of genius in glorious works to gladden humanity, but we know nothing of the place whence they come. Foreign artists, much more than the English, delight in resuscitating the lives of artists, great painters of the past. We can call to mind many striking events in the career of such men as Rubens and Vandyke, of much more enduring interest than historic pictures; but we have seldom looked on a finer or more satisfactory

composition than this depicting Michel Angelo, seated amid his colossal statuary, thoughtfully contemplating the yet unfinished 'Moses.' In the background is his 'Pieta,' the unfinished 'Slave,' now in the Louvre; and a cartoon for a portion of the 'Last Judgment,' in the Sistine Chapel. The old domestic, whom Michel loved so well, opens the door and holds back the tapestry *portière* to admit the Pope, behind whom appear the two cardinals who figure in the 'Portrait of Leo X.' by Raphael. Nothing can be better than the disposition of chiaroscuro in this design; the light floats to the centre, where the dark thoughtful figure of the artist is seated, and which comes forth with the power of Rembrandt. The adjuncts throughout, though strictly in keeping with the sculptor's studio, are most picturesque in their disposition. It is a high work of Art consecrated to one of its noblest professors.

**BEATRICE CENCI.** Engraved by E. GIRARDET, from the picture by PAUL DELAROCHE. Published by GOUPEL & Co., Paris and London.

The story of the Cenci—too repulsive in all its details for general comment—has, from the circumstance of its enrolment of the pure with the impure, furnished a fertile theme for poet and painter. The melancholy seraphic face which Guido painted, and which still hangs on the deserted walls of the Barberini Palace at Rome, has achieved a high renown from the poetic reflections of a Shelley and a Byron as they gazed on the saddened features. Delaroche has here given us Beatrice more as a reality: she is depicted walking with her mother to execution, attended by nuns bearing torches, and chanting a *missere*. A dark veil throws additional gloom over the downcast features of the mother; but a bright ray of light plays on the girlish face and fair hair of Beatrice, who walks on the dreary way to the scaffold, with the placidity of a martyr. In this, as in other works by the great French artist, there are breadth of treatment and depth of thought. Like Guido's portrait it appeals to the educated few; but with them it is sure of due appreciation. No common mind could conceive such a work; no common mind can entirely judge it.

**MOUNT VERNON AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS, HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL, AND PICTORIAL.** By BENSON J. LOSSING. Illustrated by numerous Engravings. Published by TOWNSEND & Co., New York.

"What and where is Mount Vernon?" is a question which most of our English readers will put who see the above title: not so the American reader, who knows full well that Mount Vernon was the patrimonial estate and the property of George Washington, a man whose name, though he was the means of wresting from us the noblest of our colonial possessions, is held in reverence even here. And why should it not be so? since Englishmen, proud of the liberty they enjoy in their own country, can appreciate and sympathise with those who struggle for the same blessings in other lands. As a warrior Washington was neither a Caesar, a Napoleon, nor a Wellington; but he was a great man, nevertheless—a good man too, and a true patriot, seeking the highest welfare of his country, and retiring, like another Cincinnatus, to his farm and his home, when he had accomplished the independence of the land he loved and fought for.

The public life of Washington has been written *in extenso* by several of his countrymen. Mr. Lossing, the contributor to our pages of the papers on the "Hudson," has given the world a full view of the inner or domestic life of the general, interspersing his narrative, however, with so much of public matters as is necessary to make the whole a continuous history. It is always interesting—if such can be done without being charged with vulgar and impertinent curiosity—to draw aside the veil that separates the outer from the inner life of a great man, especially when it is known that that inner life is characterised by whatever does honour to human nature. Such pictures are examples to be held up for the edification of mankind—beacon-lights to attract, not to warn; glimpses of the heart-world, with its affections, its enjoyments, its griefs, and its yearnings after happiness. Of this nature is Mr. Lossing's record, a simple, plain, and agreeable narrative, written without any pretension of authorship, but only, as it would seem, to give a faithful and minute account—occasionally, perhaps, unnecessarily minute—of Mount Vernon and its distinguished owner. Mr. Lossing has had access to papers and documents which have enabled him to draw a kind of photographic picture, and has made an ample but judicious use of them.

The volume is illustrated with a very large number of engravings of the mansion and its historical contents, as well as of portraits of Washington, his family, and of personages whose history is intimately connected with him.

**DARLEY'S COOPER VIGNETTES.** Parts I. and II. Published by TOWNSEND & Co., New York.

That the Arts are making considerable progress on the other side of the Atlantic, there has of late been abundant evidence: painting, sculpture, and engraving are advancing with rapid strides in the wake of the productions of the Old World, and we congratulate our American brethren on the success of their labours. Mr. Darley's vignette illustrations of Fenimore Cooper's novels, though not of uniform excellence, nor yet of the highest order of the engraver's art, are still far superior to anything we remember to have seen of American production. The artist's designs are excellent; he has fully understood the characters of the writer, and has delineated them with spirit, taste, and picturesque effect. Many of the subjects too are engraved in a manner worthy of the designs: as, for example, 'The Disputed Prize,' by F. Girach; 'The Way-laid Travellers,' by J. D. Smillie; 'The Grave of Chingachgook,' by J. Wrightson; 'The Prisoners,' by James Smillie; 'St. Bernard,' by R. Hinshelwood; 'The Combat,' by Sealy and Smith; and 'Absolution,' by R. Hinshelwood. There is an appearance of mechanical work about the whole; they want the freedom and harmony seen in the works of our more skilled and practised engravers. We are rather amused by the remarks made by the publishers in their prospectus, with reference to the style of these engravings. They say, "It is well known that the bank-note system of our country has developed a style of art different from, and superior to, anything which the European burins afford. The peculiarities of this school are remarkable brilliancy and durability, delicacy, precision, and the great mechanical beauty of the lines. But, heretofore, it has been almost entirely confined to the bank-note, being far too costly and laborious a mode for the ordinary purposes of the publisher. The Cooper Vignettes, however, have been engraved in this style, being the first attempt, we believe, to introduce the deep cutting and solid lining of a bank-note die into book-work." This is the first time we ever heard of bank-note engraving being considered applicable, and pre-eminently so, to illustrations professing to have a high Art character. It certainly accounts for the mechanical character of these engravings.

**THE TURNER GALLERY.** With Descriptions by R. N. WORNUM. Parts VII. and VIII. Published by J. S. VIRTUE, London.

Another of Turner's imaginative Italian scenes is to be found in the first engraving introduced into Part VII., 'Mercury and Argus,' from the celebrated picture in the collection of Mr. J. Naylor, of Liverpool: it is engraved by J. T. Willmore, A.R.A., who also executed, many years ago, the large and well-known plate from the same picture; it is the recollection of the latter exquisitely beautiful print, which alone renders the one before us less welcome. 'Spithead,' engraved by W. Miller, from an early painting (1809), in the National Gallery, is the next subject, and very skilfully has the engraver translated it. 'A Fire at Sea,' engraved by J. Cousen, from the picture in the National Gallery, is one of those strange, unnatural compositions in which Turner manifested the wildness of his artistic dreams. Here is a heart-rending scene of death and disaster, over which the black sky—slightly illuminated in the horizon by the crescent moon, and in the foreground by the lurid flames from the burning ship—hangs most terribly. These two last subjects form a singular contrast in the light and shadow of ocean-life, and the light and shadow of nature. Part VIII. is, we think, the richest which has yet appeared; we can only point out the subjects. These are 'Caligula's Palace and Bridge, Bay of Baie,' engraved by E. Goodall; 'Ancient Italy,' engraved by J. T. Willmore, A.R.A.; and 'Hannibal crossing the Alps,' by J. Cousen.

**SKETCHES AND INCIDENTS OF THE SIEGE OF LUCKNOW,** from Drawings made during the Siege by CLIFFORD HENRY MECHAM, Lieutenant Madras Army. With Descriptive Notices by GEORGE COOPER, Esq., late Secretary to the Chief Commissioner of Oude. Published by DAY & SON, London.

This volume, a goodly folio, is "Dedicated, by gracious permission, to Her Majesty the Queen." It is altogether right that the dedication should associate the sovereign of these realms with a work that speaks, trumpet-tongued, of an incident in Anglo-Indian history that alone would maintain the renown of England against the world. LUCKNOW—that word will be the symbol of heroism and devotion, the truest and the most noble, so long as there is one man to speak, and one other man to listen to the English language: and this book is

worthy of its theme—"Sketches and Incidents of the Siege of Lucknow." It comprises twenty-seven admirable lithographs, produced by Day and Son, in a manner which shows that they entered fully into the spirit of their subject. The original sketches were made on the spot,—examples of artist operations "under fire,"—by a gallant officer in that band of heroes who held Lucknow; and the short, pithy, much-containing notices which accompany them, are from the pen of an equally gallant civilian. The tale of that unparalleled siege is here written by as true artist as ever drew a sword, in a graphic fashion that needs but little of written commentary. From point to point, as far as that artist-soldier could direct his personal observation, these sketches take you through what Lucknow became as the siege was sustained from day to day, and from week to week. The ferocity of the assault, and the unquailing resolution of the defence, are alike apparent in every scene, even though not any object be represented, except some shattered relic of the struggle. We should be glad to know that this work had found an honoured place in every house in England, where there are means to purchase a publication of its class; and for the sake of those who may not aim at possessing such costly books, we should be delighted to learn that it had been republished, the text the same, and the sketches reproduced through the agency of wood-engraving.

**ANCIENT AND MODERN JERUSALEM.** By MULHRE and WHITTOCK. Published by R. TURNER, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

These two large views of Jerusalem (each 40 inches by 24), presenting the city as it stood before its destruction by Titus, and as it now stands, have been engraved and coloured from the original pictures from sketches and researches in and around Jerusalem by A. Raphael, Esq. Ancient Jerusalem is seen from the Mount of Olives, whence the city is commanded in its entirety with every point of interest. On this side the Temple is immediately opposite to the spectator, occupying by its extensive enclosures a very considerable space. We see also the Palace of Herod, the Tower of Antonia, the Palace of Menobazus, the Royal Hall, the Circus, the Sanhedrim, the Palace of Pontius Pilate, the Palace of Bernice, the Palace of Helena, &c., with every other object of sacred and historical interest. In this view the city lies in its extent under the eye, and gradually rising to the extreme line of the outer wall, with the towers of Hippicus and Paphnus. On the left the view is bounded by the valley of Hinnom, and on the right by the eminence known as the camping ground of the Assyrians, and the neighbouring heights; the whole affording, with all ascertainable accuracy, a most interesting key to all sacred and profane history wherein Jerusalem or its people is treated of. The view of the existing city is taken from the Hill of Offence; and now the city looks crowded with dwellings mean in comparison with the palatial edifices that constituted its architectural features before its fall. The Mosque of Omar is now the prominent object; but there are also the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Mosque El Aken, the Armenian Convent, Pilate's house, the Church of St. Anne, the Syrian Convent, and many other points of interest; the environs—especially the surrounding hills, the immutable portion of the view—refer us more immediately to the times of our Saviour, than any of the surviving relics within the walls—as, the road to Jericho, the Mount of Olives, Emmaus, the place where Jesus foretold the destruction of Jerusalem, Mount Zion, the Field of Blood, &c. The prints are coloured after the drawings, with a variety and freshness of tint characteristic, it may be presumed, of the locality; and undoubtedly possess great interest, not alone because of the subject, but as creditable works of Art.

**CURIOSITIES OF SCIENCE.** Second Series. A Book for Old and Young. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. Published by KENT & Co., London.

This subject is inexhaustible, and Mr. Timbs seems so to consider it. He has produced another volume of "Things not Generally Known;" it will greatly gratify the curious while instructing the ignorant, and add information to the stock of those who are already well informed. Every page of this volume contains something of value; the number of topics illustrated and explained is immense. The knowledge here communicated is the result of labour such as few can ever again undertake; and the amount of wealth thus distributed to "all comers" can be estimated only by those who will give thought to the depth and intricacy of the mines whence it has been delved up. To Mr. Timbs, for his toil, perseverance, and energy, there is a large debt due from all classes and orders of readers.



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